

We've studied Latin and literature
Of which we're tired I am quite sure.
We've walked on all the terraces,
We've flirted with the boys,
We've worried lots of teachers
Who put a stop to joys.
And now we all are going home
From which we hope no more to roam.
We've had just lots of toil and care,
And good things too, enough to share.
We've gotten caught in lots of things
Which trouble to us always brings.
And now farewell to the M. B. S.
And may she ever know
The best of everything that comes
To school, on earth, below.

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The Annual


... of ...

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.



Staunton, Virginia,

May, 1898.



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The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

VOL. VIII.

STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1898.

NO. 1.

THE OFFERING OF ISAAC.

[Cædmon's Genesis.]

Then the powerful king
Began to try the warrior ;
He earnestly sought
What the strength of the noble was.
In stern words he spoke to him :
" Go then quickly, Abraham, depart !
And lead with thee thy own child.
Thou shalt offer Isaac, thy son, to me,
Thyself for a sacrifice !
After thou shalt ascend a steep hill,
The border of the high land,
Which I will show thee hence,
Up on thine own feet,
There thou shalt prepare a fire,
A funeral pyre for thy child ;
And thyself kill thine own son

With the edge of the sword ;
And then, with black fire,
Burn the body of thy loved one,
And offer a sacrifice to me.'"

He did not delay on the journey,
But he soon began
To hasten on the way.
Dreadful to him was the word
Of the Lord of angels, and his Lord dear.
Then the holy Abraham deserted his couch.
Not at all did he disregard
The command of the Saviour ;
But the holy man girded
Himself with a grey sword.
He made known that to him the fear
Of the Guardian of spirits
Dwelt in his breast.

Then he began to bridle his asses,
The ancient dispenser of gold.
He commanded two young men
To journey with him ;
His own kinsman was the third,
And he himself the fourth.
Then he, eager, departed
From his own dwelling,
Leading Isaac, his young son,
As the Lord commanded him.
Then he hurried very much,
And he hastened forth on the way
As the Lord showed him
The ways over the desert,
Until the glorious-bright beginning of the third day
Rose up over the deep water.
Then the holy man saw
A high hill rise up,
As the Lord of heaven before said to him.

Then Abraham spoke to his servants :

“ My warriors, rest you here

In these places, we will come again

After we have performed the errand of us two

For the King of spirits.”

Then the prince departed, and his own son,

To the boundary which the Lord showed him,

To travel over the forests ;

The son bore the wood,

The father the fire and sword.

Then the man, young in winters,

Began to question Abraham in words :

“ Here, my Lord, we have the fire and the sword.

Where is the offering that thou, glorious, to God

Thinkest to bring for a sacrifice ? ”

Abraham spoke — he had continuously resolved

That he would do as the Lord commanded him :

“ The true King, the Guardian of mankind,

Himself will provide as seems to him fit.”

Then the valiant one mounted a steep hill, up with
his heir,

As the Eternal One commanded him.

Until he stood on the roof of the high land,

On that place which to him the strong One,

The faithful Lord, showed in words.

Then he began to load the pyre, to arouse the fire,

And bound the hands and feet of his own son,

And then raised into the fire

The young Isaac, and quickly grasped

His sword by the hilt.

He was about to kill his son

With his own hand, to quench the fire

With the blood of his kinsman.

Then a servant of the Lord from above,

A certain angel, called Abraham

With a loud voice. He, fixed, awaited

The voice of the angel.
Quickly then to him, above from the skies,
The glorious spirit of God spoke with words :
" Abraham, beloved, slay not thy own son,
But snatch thou the child
Alive from the fire, thine heir.
The God of glory grants him.
Man of the Hebrews,
Through the hand of the Holy One,
Of the Heavenly King,
Thou thyself shalt receive meeds,
True rewards of victory, liberal gifts.
The Keeper of Spirits will requite thee with honor,
Because his peace and favor
Were dearer to thee than thine own child."

The fire stood kindled.
The Lord of mankind had blessed
The breast of Abraham, the kinsman of Lot,
When he gave to him his child, Isaac, alive.
Then the holy warrior, the brother of Haran,
Looked over his shoulder,
And there he saw a ram
Not far thence, standing alone
Fast in the brambles.
This Abraham seized
And raised on the pyre very quickly,
In the place of his child.
Then he smote it with the sword.
He adorned the sacrifice, the alter reeking
With the blood of the ram.
He offered the sacrifice to God.
He gave thanks for the favors,
And for all the blessings
Which the Lord of gifts had given to him,
Earlier and later.

FLORENCE BEST,
Ronceverte, West Virginia.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The name of Samuel Johnson sounds very familiar to us, almost as much so as that of one of our immediate friends. When his name is mentioned there is before our mind's eye a figure large and uncouth, a face much disfigured by marks of disease, small blinking eyes, a brown coat hanging loosely about his figure, black worsted stockings, and crowning all a gray wig, with a scorched foretop, that barely covers his head.

If we could blot out the years that separate our lives from the time in which he lived, and could look in on him, either in his home or elsewhere, we would probably see him sitting with his head inclined on his right shoulder, his vast trunk swaying backward and forward, and his hand keeping up a corresponding motion upon his knee. At times we would hear him making a clucking sound, again uttering a suppressed whistle, and still more frequently a humming sound, accompanied with a vacant smile.

Although Johnson was exceedingly unattractive to the eye, he captivated all by his great conversational powers. His friends used to gather about him in the tavern, to which he so frequently resorted, and listen by the hour to the rich and animated conversation of this wise man. Even in the days of comparative obscurity, Johnson enjoyed all, or nearly all, that fame can yield a man—the respect and obedience of those about him.

The circle of friends, of which he was the centre, gradually enlarged as the report of him spread. Goldsmith was frequently with him, though it is probable he did not love Johnson, but rather envied him on account of his genius. Then there was chivalrous Topham Beauclerk with his sharp wit and courtly manners, and Bennet Langton, an orthodox gentleman. Garrick, too, was a prominent member of this circle of friends, although there was a feeling of jealousy existing between Johnson and himself, and for this reason: Johnson and Garrick had come to London together, both as poor young

men, and Garrick had achieved great success and prominence as an actor, while Johnson was still poor and in comparative obscurity. Last among Johnson's intimate friends at this period of his life, was Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of England's greatest portrait painters. It was he, who, in after years with Johnson, founded the famous "Literary Club."

In later life, Johnson became recognized as holding a high position among litterateurs and became the recipient of royal bounty. Then it was that Burke took notice of this man of genius and grew to be so intimate with him. At this time, too, Johnson made the acquaintance of the solid thinking Thrale and his wife, the latter of whom was famous as well for the intellectual society she gathered around her as for her talents. In the house of these friends Johnson enjoyed all that friendship, admiration and wealth could give; frequently he made excursions to different parts of England in their company. We must not forget while recalling Johnson's friends, to mention the vain, tattling busybody, James Boswell, who, to give prominence to himself, sought the acquaintance of distinguished men. It is to him we owe our familiarity, not only with the more important things, but also with the minutest details of Johnson's life, as he has given them to the world in his biography of this great man.

We do not love Johnson for his odd personality only, for his character is such as to excite our love and admiration. We find, predominant among his characteristics that of moral courage. It was his valor that helped him to rise so manfully above disease, disappointments and poverty, and, with so many drawbacks, to live so noble and so patient a life. Some one has said, "Since the time of John Milton, no truer heart has beat in an English bosom than Samuel Johnson bore." Then, too, Johnson was truthful in word and thought, and honest in action. His life testifies to the fact that the love of truth filled his heart and mind. Even in his writings there is not a line nor a sentence that is dishonest or other than it pretends to be.

Perhaps more than by anything else we are attracted to him by his tender heart. He gave freely of his little to relieve the

needy; and the poor and wretched received not only his hard earned shillings, but his love and sympathy. To prove his tender, generous heart, we need but recall the house of Johnson in Gough Square, where he spent the greater portion of his life in London. There, for some time before the death of his wife he had begun to gather about him a family group made up of a strangely assorted set of pensioners on his charity: Mrs. Williams, a poor blind woman; Dr. Robert Levett, an odd little man who practised among the poorest people in London and frequently received his fees in liquor; Frank Barber, a faithful negro servant; and an old cat Hodge. These and other dependents surrounded Johnson in his poverty, and have become as familiar to us as objects that surround us from day to day. On account of his rough manners, Johnson was nicknamed "the bear;" but Goldsmith said, "No man alive has a better heart, he has nothing of the bear but the skin." We might recall other noble qualities that adorned the character of Johnson, but are not courage, truthfulness and generosity, united with a high order of genius enough to secure for this great and good man the first place in our love and admiration?

ELIZABETH H. TURNBULL,
Durham, N. C.

ASHEVILLE '97.

Three years ago, it was decided by the International Committee of the Young Woman's Christian Association to have a summer school in the South, similar to the ones held at Northfield, Lake Geneva, and Mills College. The first school was held at Rogersville, Tennessee in 1895. It was such a success that the next year the school was again held and this time at Asheville, North Carolina. Last year it met in the same place and this was the meeting I attended.

The Conference lasted from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of June, and was attended by about forty or fifty regular students besides a great many visitors. The meetings were

held in the Normal School building a short distance from the city, and we had chapel, dining hall, and rooms all in the same building. Miss Seevers, who was then a secretary of the International Committee, was the leader. Among the speakers were Miss Price, General Secretary of the International Committee, Miss French of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, Mr. Stud of the China Inland Mission, and Dr. Schofield of Massachusetts.

Our plans for the day were as follows : breakfast at half-past seven ; at eight, morning prayers, after which was a class led by Miss Seevers, who told us how the work of the Young Woman's Christian Association should be conducted in colleges and gave us plans for the next year. This class lasted for an hour, then came the Bible Class with Mr. Jamison, of South Carolina, as leader. We took up the book of Acts and studied it carefully, comparing the Authorized Version with the Revised. After this was the class for the study of missions, which often met out under the trees or on the porch. From twelve to one Mr. Jamison held a Personal Workers Class, in which the study of the Bible in regard to its use in personal work was discussed. The afternoons were given up to rest, preparation for the classes of the next day and sometimes to drives and walks. At five we all met in the Mission Room, a room in which were gathered together curios from many lands, books, maps and other aids for the study of missions. Here Miss French talked to us of the Chinese among whom she had been laboring for seven years. This meeting lasted till six, our supper hour.

After supper we all wandered off by twos and threes around the grounds, and had a quiet twilight talk for a half hour, then met again for Vesper services. At night all assembled in the chapel for a talk or lecture. One night Mr. Stud talked to us of his work in China and told many thrilling stories of his experiences away in the interior of that country. Dr. Schofield gave us three lectures on the "Holy Spirit and the Inner Life." These evening lectures were attended not only by the students but by many of the Asheville people.

Among the many delightful features of the Conference were the drives and walks which we took while at Asheville, and the drive to Biltmore I remember especially. We started early in the afternoon and had a pleasant drive before we reached the Vanderbilt estate, and then such views! Just as you enter the grounds for some distance flows the river all overhung with trees and vines, which sometimes for an instant hide it from view. The house is a veritable castle surrounded by magnificent grounds. We had a wandering drive of many miles before we were at last out of the estate.

The last evening was a fitting close for the Conference. It had rained in the afternoon, but just before twilight the clouds began to break and the sun came out. The mist still hung over the mountains and from every leaf quivered a rain drop, but through a rift in the clouds the sun was shining brightly, turning every drop into a diamond. As we watched the changing colors of the sky the prayer rose in our hearts that God's smile would always so glorify even the clouds and tears of our lives.

PENELOPE CROCHERON,
Gadsden, Alabama.

• • • • •

FROM MISSISSIPPI.

I.

Uncle Fountain, as the villagers call him, must have long ago passed the limit given by the Psalmist; for his hair is gray, his figure bent, and his steps are tottering. His energy, however is undiminished. He is always busy and walks as if he were going for the doctor. There are four in the family besides himself: his wife, two children now grown, and a parrot, his companion for years. I have never, however, heard it utter any words except "Praise the Lord" in a very sanctimonious tone, right through its nose with the twang of a country preacher.

When Uncle Fount was younger, he often had his house open for boys from the country, who wished to go to school in town. One of these boys, now a lawyer, told me that his grandmother sent him to the old man with but one instruction, which was that he should be taken to the Methodist church every Sunday. When that day arrived, Uncle Fount would take his hand in his and in his snatchy way say, "John, your grandma says you must go to church, come on, come on, your grandma says so." Once fairly settled at church John's pleasure began; for the old soul closed his eyes at the first note of the doxology and did not move again until the benediction. As soon as John saw the old gentleman's eyes close, out came his marbles and he enjoyed the sermon in his own way. The minister stepped up to Uncle Fount after the sermon one day and shaking his hand said, "Uncle, do you suppose that you could help us in the next subscription? We look upon you as a pillar of the church."

"No, sir, not a pillar, only a sleeper, sir, only a sleeper."

The village folk say that he has great power in quoting the Scriptures. He stopped once before a crowd of boys playing marbles and looking kindly at them said, "Boys, don't you know that it is wrong to play marbles?" "No, sir, who told you that?" said one of the young imps.

"Why," said Uncle Fount, "the Scriptures say 'Marvel ye not.'"

The dear old man loves to attend funerals. If there are several at the same time, he sends his clerks, that he may be represented at all of them. In the time of the yellow-fever epidemic, he one day rushed clattering into a lawyer's office, his eyes full of tears, saying, "John, you used to be a good boy, won't you go to a funeral for me today? I can't be everywhere at once, I have sent all my clerks. Do come now, come on, come on John; for," he said "I have been represented at every funeral in town for fifty years."

II.

Have you ever been to Mississippi? There is a town in that state called Paradise, just twenty-five miles from my

home. I have never counted the houses in the village, but they are not as numerous as the sands of the seashore, nor yet as the children in one of the families there. The people live in roomy, rambling old houses, built far above the ground, for sometimes there comes a great overflow. They then build boats and live in a very romantic way, such as would make even the wildest sentimentalist happy.

The villagers are not behind the times, for they talk politics in a very wise way and with a mouth very full of tobacco; though they do not feel sure whether that congressman will do or not, 'they don't like his looks, caise he dresses mos' like aristocracy, wears a buttonhole bouquet and his children, too, are mos' uncommon clean.' If you want to have a pleasant nightmare, all you have to do is to recollect a stump-speech on "Free silver," delivered by one of those villagers. You are convinced that history has made a mistake; that Jeff Davis lives, breathes and is the father of his country; that George Washington has never existed except in picture-form; that Confederate money yet buys candy at three dollars a stick, dolls at one hundred dollars apiece and homespun at ten dollars a yard. 'Tis true they are not certain where their capital is, and each one thinks he sends a congressman of his own. This latter, however, he refuses to do unless the congressman will give him five dollars for his church.

They are not an irreligious people. There is no Baptist church in their town, but just a few miles away they can drive to a good old-fashioned hard-shell Baptist church. I once went there to church. First, in came an old woman, followed by a crowd of eager-eyed, Sunday-faced children. A boy about seven years old brought in the baby; another a little younger carried the pallet. Then other families arrived and before the sermon began, the aisles were lined on both sides with pallets, and all the babies were sleeping cosily. As the sermon proceeded, the preacher grew enthusiastic and talked rather loudly. The boy I had first observed sprang to his feet, and shaking both his fists at him screamed out, "Stop that hollerin', man, you goin' to wake dis' her' chile and, sure you do, you'll

see what's good for you ! ” After this interruption the sermon went on more quietly until some of the old women began to be happy. First one and then another joined in, until the whole congregation was shouting. This put an end to the sermon and they went out to spread their feast. It was indeed a feast. The women know how to cook. They are considered the chicken-pie bakers of the South.

If you want to enjoy yourself, go to one of their neighborhood picnics. There you can often see an old fellow toiling up the road, barefoot, with a huge leg of mutton or a whole barbecued hog on his shoulder, while others bring many more delicious eatables. The girls and women are always arrayed in gowns of yellow, red, or royal purple, their favorite colors. These dresses are full and short so that they can move with ease. The dancing is one of the most delightful features of the day. The stately minuet is hardly the leading dance, for the music is so fast that the youths and maidens fairly fly.

SHARP WILLIAMS,
Yazoo City, Miss.

FROM LOUISIANA.

I.

“Law Miss Mary, yer can’t git dat chile ter sleep. Gib ’im ter me, I’s e got his pa quiet many er time an’ I knows how ter do hit. Dar ain’t many folks wut understans de chilluns ob dis family. Jes’ like ’is pa, mighty fractious when he wants ter be. Hush, pretty, hush, les’ you an’ yo’ mammy sit heah in dis rockin cheer. See, he done stop a’ready. Now go sleep while I sing ter yer, honey.

‘De morn am heah, an de sun shine cleah,
An de clover so sweet an’ white,
De ole rade cow, I heerd her low
Dat de flavor hit am jes right.

'De big bullfrog er settin' on er log,
He ain't er singin no mo',
Yer can't heah 'im croak, I spec he done choke,
Kase de ribber am pow'ful low.

'De mockin bird sing an' de worm he bring
Ter de little bird in de nes';
But Baby doan' cry, an' shet yer eye,
Yer mammy gwine ter sing yer de res'.

'Br'er Rabbit he smart, he got de start
On all de critters in de lan',
He shake his toe ter de ole banjo
An he wave his lily-white han'.

'De possum meat am good ter eat
An de taters dey tas' so fine;
But Baby's kiss am sweeter dan dis,
An' better dan cake an' wine.

'Ole Massa got er latch on 'is watermillion patch,
De niggers dey can't git frough,
Done made de fence higher all ouden bob-wire,
An' dey tare dey wool ef dey do.

'Mr. Alligator sneeze down mongst de willer trees,
Dem pickaninnies how dey scoot!
Kase young nigger meat am pow'ful sweet,
Ole alligator's tas'e hit suit.

'De win hit blow, on de big bayou,
But hit can't do Baby no harm;
So sleep mer pet, oh doan' yer fret,
On yer Mammy's lubbin arm.'''

II.

It was in Uncle Dave's cabin down in the quarters. A group of negro boys were gathered around the large wood fire, eating pecans. Uncle Dave had taken this means to bring them together, for he considered it his duty to watch over the morals

of the young negroes on Belle Bend plantation, and he had assembled them for the purpose of delivering a lecture.

"Dem pecans am good, ain't dey, boys? Come off'en de fines' trees on de Bend. An Mars' Tom gib 'em ter me—gib 'em ter me hissef! Lots better dan ef I had bin so low as ter steal 'em. No, chillun, I ain't never stole nuffin in my life."

"Lawd, Unc' Dave, how bout dem watermillions you'se tole us 'bout?"

"Wall now, Hime, I thought you wuz a boy ob comperhension! Dat time I tole you bout I jes' tuk dem watermillions, I ain't stole em, jes tuk 'em an Mars' Tom he hep'd, so dat wuz all right. Can't yer see de diffunce? White folks doan steal, no how. Wall, boys, ez I wuz sayin' I ain't never stole, an hit am er solacious thought. Now dey hev ariz er mighty determental inflexion on de culled race in ginerall, an on de poperlation ob de Bend in specialty. You hev heerd, boys, no mo' dan heer'd I am sartin, 'bout de trouble Mars Tom hev had lately wid his chickens?"

At this point the boys looked surprised and some of them very much hurt.

"No, chillun, I doan' mean nothin' pussonal. I knows dar ain't none er Mars Tom's niggers wut would steal his chickens. But I jes' wish yer would tell dem niggers on Alder's place, when yer meet 'em in de road, ter keep out'en Mars Tom's chicken coop."

"Sho' we will Ucle Dave," said Hiram, and glancing in the box to make sure there were no more pecans, he proposed that they go at once to 'warn dem niggers ter let dat chicken-coop erlone."

"Dat's right, boys, but doan' get in no trouble, jes' warn 'em in er quiet-like way. Good night, an fo' yer go lem me gib yer dis advice—allus keep in de middle ob de road an' doan' sneak out in de lanes an breshes. Good night."

As Uncle Dave closed the door, he chuckled to himself,

"Dem boys ain't got me fooled. Dey think I doan' know who bin arter dem chickens, but I'se gwine cotch 'em, see ef I doan'."

About twelve o'clock that night Uncle Dave came out of his cabin and slipped noiselessly down the road toward the fowl yard. "I'se gwine watch dem chickens fer Mars Tom, an ef I cotch dem rascally niggers dey'll be pow'ful sorry—dar, dar! Wut dat by de big coop! Sho', hit am two niggers. I'se got 'em now. I'll jes creep long soft like an pounce on 'em."

He crept up behind the coop and recognized Hiram and his friend Joe. Uncle Dave started around to the front and Hiram saw him.

"Hi dar, Unc' Dave," he cried seizing him, "wut yer doin' heah?"

"Lemme go, Hime, I'se done cotch yer!"

"Cotch who, cotch me? Oh no, Uuc' Dave, I'se done cotch you! Wal! yer doan' steal does yer? An heah yer come arter dese identical chickens yer spoke so feelin'ly bout!"

"Wut yer talkin bout Hime? I come ter perteck de chickens, an' cotch you an Joe."

"Yas yer did! Ain't Mars Tom sont me ter watch dis heah coop, and de fus' man I cotch am you!"

"But I ain't gwine ter steal," Uncle Dave insisted.

"Oh no, Mars Tom tole me ter bring de nigger wut I cotch ter him," said Hiram.

"Fer de Lawd's sake, Hime!"

"Yas, I hate ter do it but I reckon I'm blegged ter."

"Oh, Hime, doan' tell Mars Tom I wuz arter his chickens."

"Uncle Dave, I respec's your gray har, an' I hates to 'spose yer, an' I reckon I'll hab to gib in. But yer mussn' say nuffin 'bout it, kase it am er secret dat me an' Joe am watchin' de chickens, so if yer keeps your mouf shet you'll be all right. But be stremely careful an' doan' yer say nuffin ter Mars Tom, for den he will know yer wuz arter de chickens an' me an Joe will get de blame fer not fotchin yer to him."

And poor Uncle Dave believed him and went home greatly mortified, while Hiram and Joe guarded the chickens. The next morning nobody knew where two fine hens had gone.

III.

There was a goodly company in the parlor of the old Southern mansion, for the Judge was to give a dining and the most distinguished members of the bar were present. Leaving her guests deep in the discussion of "Smith versus Peterson," Miss Fannie, the Judge's wife, slipped into the kitchen to give the final orders.

Here Eve, the cook, sole monarch of the realm, was busily engaged in preparing the feast. Proudly she lifted the large red-fish from the oven.

"Now look dar Miss Fannie, ain't she a bute? I jes' tell yer wut, an' I doan' mean ter be braggish neider, dare ain't no nigger, doan' kere whar she done been raised, wut kin cook a rade-fish like dat."

"It certainly is a success, Eve, but the gentlemen are waiting, so do hurry, there is no time for talk."

"Law, Miss Fannie, you sho' ain't scusin' me ob bein' talkative! and you raised wid me too, an know I neber did spatiate none wen dare warn't time. De Judge got ter hab 'is toddy yit, too."

"Well I'm going in now, and you must be quick."

"All right, Miss Fannie. War dat Abum?" and Eve looked out of the window in the direction of the woodpile. Just then litt'e Tom's shrill voice was heard,

"Now, please, Uncle Abram, please tell us about Brother Rabbit and the Tar Baby!"

"Oh yas," said Eve, "monkeyin wid dem worrelsome chillun agin. I clar ef he do git me flustrated, an' make me lose my temper, I'll kill 'im dade. You Abum, Abum, come heah. Doan' yer know de company am waitin? You am sartinly a sassy nigger ter show yo' respec ter de Jedge an' Miss Fannie by settin' on de woodpile gassin' ter chillun wen dey am waitin' fer dey dinner. Doan' do dat! Dese heah taters got to be smashed fust."

For Uncle Abram in his desire to make amends, had seized the fish and started for the dining room. Eve flew at him so suddenly that she startled him, and stumbling, he upset dish,

fish and all upon the floor. Eve, in her anger, fell upon him with the broom and he would have received a severe beating indeed, had not the mistress of the house just then entered.

Eve allowed poor Uncle Abram to get up, and after hastily explaining the accident to Miss Fannie began gathering up the bits of fish and arranging them in some kind of order. In the midst of the excitement, the Judge was heard coming, possibly to inquire the cause of the delay. Eve planted herself in the doorway. "Head him off, Miss Fannie" she cried, "faw de Lawd's sake, head de Jedge off!" So the Judge was warded off and the fish mended and made beautiful with fresh sprigs of parsley and more gravy, so that no one imagined what an unsightly mass it had been but ten minutes before.

The dining passed off without a flaw. Uncle Abram took care to keep out of his wife's way, and Eve was satisfied when she peeped in at the dining room door to see how 'dey tuk de turkey'. "I knows dey didn' had nary nudder one like it afore," she said with a satisfied grin.

After the meal was over and the stately company had adjourned to the library, Eve sent Uncle Abram to assist in the dining room and to put everything safely away.

"Now, Abum, go in dar an' put dat turkey carcass up, so I kin make hash fer de Jedge's breakfast' in de mornin'. Yer done act once like yer been used ter wukin' fer po' white trash. Now go show yer breedin'. Yer be ceedenly pertickler wid dat carcass too, kase if dare is one thing de Jedge do 'preciate, it am de turkey hash wut dis heah nigger kin make."

Uncle Abram was evidently angry at his wife's rebuke but to face her openly was out of the question—he would never have dared to do it. With a quiet grin, he made his way to the dining room, secretly plotting his revenge. In a little while, he disappeared, and after looking for him in vain, Eve ran in very much excited,

"Fer de law's sake, Miss Fannie, wut yer reckon dat nigger done now? Jes' let 'im come back heah, an I'll break his ole hade for him! Why, Miss Fannie, Abum done gone scap-

ed clean off de place wid de carcass ! Yassum, mid de carcass, gravy and all !”

KATHERINE JONES.

Shrieveport, La.



HOW A MARY BALDWIN GIRL GOT TO HARVARD.

Well equipped for an hour's ride, grip in hand, I leave Providence for Boston, with the admonition "Don't get lost." "If your friend is not at the station, wait a little while, she may be late, and above all, don't look at a strange man." As I sit in the car, I think what queer things brothers are. "Of course Miss L—— will meet me, and why should it hurt for me to look at a strange man. Why, I think it would be much easier for him to check me and put me in the Baggage car. You would think I was going to an unexplored country, or at least that I was very childish, when I am really sixteen !"

With such thoughts an hour soon passed, and I was startled from my revery by the deep voice of the Conductor, "Canton Junction, next stop Boston !" My hat is quickly adjusted and I am ready to alight by the time the train has stopped. But where is Miss L—— ! no where can I find her. "Well," I think to myself, "I'll just walk there; it's not very far from the station. So having inquired my way, I start out, walk two blocks straight ahead, turn to my left for a block, then to my right." So far very good, but I've run right into a wall. I have always heard that Boston was a queer place. I inquire of a policeman the way, and start again. There stands my hotel, but surely do you think Miss L. can live here in such style ? I enter a spacious doorway, a porter instantly takes my bag, but thinking I must be mistaken, I hold on to the other end and ask in a meek voice, if Miss L—— lives here "Inquire at the desk." The same question is asked again, in the meantime the porter and I are both manfully tugging at my grip. "No such name here " I believe the clerk felt sorry for me, for he scratched his head and said; "Let me see, walk

down a block, and to your right you will see the Blockley Square Flats. Inquire there." By this time my grip or grip-ping friend had stepped back. I wondered if I must tip him, but decided that I might need my money, for I had brought but little with me. I reach the Blockley Flats in safety and inquire if Miss L—— lived there.

"Are you the young lady from Staunton?" he asked. I am." "Well, Miss L—— has been suddenly called away. Her sister is sick. Is there anything I can do for you?"

My adventurous spirit comes forth with a bound. "Yes, if you will keep my bag, I will spend the day in Boston. Is there a one o'clock train for Providence?"

Getting a favorable answer, and my bag safely stowed away, I saunter out, thinking first to find the Public Library. I had walked scarcely five yards, when I saw a noble edifice with this inscription on the side: "Public Library of the City of Boston, Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning, A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII." I stop and look, for is not this building in itself a work of art? Low, plain, massive, but beautiful, of the Renaissance style of architecture, it has been appropriately called the Parthenon of America. I pass quickly up the broad steps and stand in the low wide entrance hall. The floor of inlaid mosaic, and walls of Sienna marble are more beautiful than anything I have dreamed. I go quickly through the hall to the corridor which encloses a court in the center of which plays a fountain; but I must not stop, for does not the grand staircase attract every one's attention? "And tells him he is within a building none the less a palace for being the property of the people, and not of a king." The broad, easy steps of gray marble ascend half way, then turn and separate half to the right and half to the left, guarded at the dividing line by two magnificent lions, couchant. As I have already been in the corridor I will not turn to my right, but keep on up the staircase, where at the top is the famous painting by Puvis De Chavannes, representing the "Muses Welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment." I shall not attempt to describe the numerous rooms, for each

seems to outvie the other in beauty and utility, but shall follow the crowd. Suddenly I stand before what seems to me, a work too beautiful to be wrought by human hands—Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail." Five different scenes, beginning with Galahad, an infant; and telling for itself, the story of that quest, so long delayed—but finally accomplished by Sir Galahad, who robed in red is well worthy the praise: "God make thee good as thou art beautiful." But I must not linger here, for my pen is too feeble and my thoughts too slow to describe that magnificent panorama that seems to float before my eyes even now. But still following the crowd, I find myself on the third floor in Sargent Hall. So much beauty in so small a place causes me to utter an exclamation, but beauty too deep to be appreciated by one of my age. It has been said that next to the Bible, Milton's enumeration of the rebel Angels in *Paradise Lost* is the best commentary on Mr. Sargent's paintings.

"Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured,
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a Summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native heath,
Ran purple to the sea,
Supposed with blood of Thammuz yearly wounded."

Filled with awe and almost inspired, I turn my back upon the paintings, and soon find myself in the open air.

Now being very young, and only a girl—I think the next best place to see would be Harvard University! While in the Public Library I counted my money, finding \$5.43 and a ticket to Plymouth—to which place I had expected to go next morning. I see a cabman. "What will you charge to take me through the Harvard Grounds?" "I can't mum, there's a man over there I think will do it." He steps across to talk with his friend, about my queer looks, I supposed. Cabman No. 2 steps across. "Would you like to go to Harvard?" "Yes." "Step in my cab, I'll take you for five dollars, cheap at that." Horrors,—only 43 cents left! "I don't think I shall go."

"Well mum, I'll make it \$4.50." "No." "Well mum, couldn't do it for less than \$3.50." In a very independent way, I say, "Here comes a car, I will take that." I did not know where I might land, for had not every car I had seen been marked, "Harvard Square" or "Cambridge." I ask the lady next me, if this car would take me to Harvard—and am told, yes. Within fifteen minutes the car stops, and the conductor calls out; "Harvard Square." Not knowing exactly what to do I go to a drug store to get a drink of soda water, then ask how I may go around. I had gone but a few steps in the grounds, when a very nice looking young man steps up, and asks if he may show me around. I remember my brother's last command—entreaty—but trying to convince myself that, "May be he is a guide." I accept with pleasure. He shows me through the different buildings, and knowing the history of each so well, I almost succeeded in believing him a guide. But the embarrassing part is yet to come—when we part. Now I think, "If he is a guide, I must pay him, but I'm afraid he isn't." I finally decide I will offer, for then my brother may believe I thought him a guide. He seemed to be a little surprised, but tipped his hat and said, he was delighted to have the pleasure, and put me on my right car.

I afterwards hear he was a Summer Student! Within a few minutes I find myself at the Blockley Square Flats, asking for my grip. I reach the station just in time, and return to Providence, thinking not only how queer brothers are, but how queer the world is.

FANNY G. PECK.

A MODEL PASTOR'S WIFE.

There are many model pastors and there are also many people to rise up and praise them, but one does not so often find a model pastor's wife.

There is one who is a model of models. She was quite young, almost a girl when she came with her husband and

baby Kate to our city. A bright, pretty girl she was, and before long she had won the hearts of all her people.

As time went on she grew more in their hearts, and soon was not only the mother of her family, but the mother of the church as well. Who was there among the ladies, who had any little trouble with which she did not wish to burden her pastor, for he had so much to bear, that did not go to this dear little woman for advice? She was never too tired or too busy to listen to these troubles, and was always ready to give her advice and assistance. She was never too much taken up with household duties to visit with her husband, for she felt that it was as much the duty of the pastor's wife to visit the poor and sick and stranger as that of the pastor himself. She was always ready with something dainty for all the sick and afflicted, and when she had nothing to take with her, she carried that gentle voice and beautiful smile, which were better to some than dainties, for they brought sunshine and comfort to all with whom they came in contact. Then she was the poor's best friend. They were not too proud to tell her their suffering and need, because they knew that they would find in her a most ready helper. She sympathized with them in their need, and no one was too poor or lowly to be her friend.

She was the children's best friend as well as that of the aged. Her house was always open to all the children, and her carpets were never too fine for their muddy shoes, nor her furniture too good to be converted into play things. They thought there was no place like her house for fun, and no one like her to make fun for them.

Her house was open to all, and any who might go there were received with open arms.

She was known by her old horse Morgan and the little rockaway. It belonged to all the invalids of the church, and the children as well, for there was always room for one more in that carriage. But not only the carriage, but the owner of it belonged to the invalids also. Wherever there were any sick members of the congregation they thought there was no one who could nurse them so gently and well as this dear

little lady. They never thought her too tired or sick to go to them, and always sent for her.

Then there was her Sunday School class of girls. She loved those girls dearly, and never let an opportunity pass to say something for her Master. I am sure that many have been led to Him, either by her beautiful influence or by what she had said.

Yet with all this, she never neglected her own family, for there was never a prouder mother nor truer wife, than was Mrs William E. Baker, the wife of the forever beloved pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Staunton, Va.

Do not all agree with me when I say that she was a model pastor's wife?

It has been many years since she was our pastor's wife, yet the tender affection which all felt for her, had not faded with the years, for when she returned to us last spring, she was received with as much love and affection, as if she had just been in our midst.

Even those who were children when she left, and are grown now, remembered what she had been to them and welcomed her for it. Nor had time blotted out her love for her friends. She received all whom she saw in her same sweet, loving manner. She made only a short stay with us, and her departure was lamented by all.

That her declining years may be blessed with as much love and happiness as she has given to others, is the wish and prayer of one of her children.

EVA BAKER McCUE,

Staunton, Va.

THOUGHTS OVER MY MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

First of all there is Plaidy, that much abused volume. The leaves are torn and soiled, and the back entirely gone. The vituperations I have called down upon its innocent head! After I learned my notes, it was given to me, and here on the eve of my graduation I must still practice from it daily those five finger exercises and scales.

And there is that little piece—the very first one I ever took. I shall never forget my pride when my teacher gave it to me. A real, sure enough piece! No little musical study in my exercise book, but a piece found all by itself!

My Chopin album has the first place in my heart, and the Sonata op. 35 is my favorite of his compositions. The music is at first wild and warlike. A victorious hero with his army is marching home, triumphant. His heart beats happily. The music now changes, and becomes soft and low. It is a melody of beautiful sweetness. Mixed with the hero's joy of victory, is a tenderer strain. She, his promised bride, awaits him, and his thoughts have turned to her. Again the wild, war music comes in. The army is nearing the city now, where expectant throngs will crown their brows. But suddenly, in the midst of all this joy, the deep, sombre tones of a funeral march are heard, and the muffled tread of soldiers as they follow a body to the grave. It is our hero's bride. She, who was awaiting his coming. Again, that melody, low and sweet, is repeated. Overwhelmed by his grief, his thoughts have flown back to the happy days of old. When young, and light of heart, confident of victory, he had bidden her good bye. But, not long is he allowed this respite of forgetfulness, for once more the funeral march breaks in, recalling him to the present. We in our imagination, see a broken-hearted soldier, standing over the grave of his beloved. His heart torn by anguish almost unbearable. And, as the last notes sob themselves away, announcing the end of the military obsequies, dazed, he leaves the grave, and goes forth, he knows not where. The bride represents Poland; the soldier hero, one of her sons. After their brave fighting, their cause was lost, and the Poles mourned for their country as a lover would for the death of his bride. It is a strange fact that the first time the funeral march was ever performed with a full orchestra was at Chopin's own funeral.

The Presto of the Sonata is a low running movement. Artists do not all agree in the significance of it. Some of them think that Chopin's idea was that after death, all is dust and

ashes. Others, that it is intended to represent the wanderings of spirits upon this earth. Irving has beautifully expressed this belief in souls revisiting the earth after death. "What could be more consoling than the idea, that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare? That affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours. That beauty and innocence which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unseen around us, dreams wherein we we live over again the hours of past endearment?"

A deep spirit of patriotism breathes in most of Chopin's music. His love for his country was the absorbing, passionate hope of his life. When Warsaw was taken by the Russians, he wrote his great "Revolution Etude," so noble in its content. Liszt in speaking of his polonaises says: "We can almost catch the firm treadway the more than firm, the heavy, resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unflinching courage."

The polonaise is characteristic of Poland. We see vividly pictured before us a grand military dance. Perhaps, it is the eve of a battle, when all hearts beat high with hope, or, perhaps, it is the celebration of a great victory. The men are in their brilliant uniforms, the silver trimming of which reflect the myriad lights of the ball room. The women of Poland are acknowledged the most beautiful and fascinating of the earth, "Parisians in their grace and culture. Eastern dancing girls in their languid fire." The dancers form in couples. The host selects the lady of highest social rank, and they take their places at the head of the line. The more intricate the figures through which he leads them, the more beautiful the polonaise. His aim is to present surprises. From one grand saloon to another they go, and at every turn some beautiful work of art delights the eye. What a gorgeous sight it is—that long line of light! Men, handsome as Apollo, women, beautiful as Hebe, gentle, scintillating, brilliant colors mingling, a living rainbow whose breath and motion lend it an enchantment far exceeding nature's own.

At a certain turn, all cease to move. A cavalier advances, and, bending low to the lady leading, begs her to accept him as a partner. She accepts, and each man in succession craves the honor of the lady at his rear. Naturally every leader tries to plan lovelier figures than the former, and his rivalry greatly enhances the beauty of the polonaise.

Chopin's Berceuse is one of the most beautiful in existence. The mother sits by the cradle in which the hope of her life lies sleeping. She sings a soft lullaby. Her thoughts meanwhile have flown to the future. She dreams of her darling's career. All happiness should be his, were she able to bestow it, but, alas, she knows life too well to deem this possible. She knows of the sorrows, of the temptations that will come to him, but fervently prays that he may be noble and strong enough to withstand them.

Another of my favorite compositions is a ballad by Perry, entitled, "The Lost Island." The scene of the story is one of the most beautiful islands in the Gulf of Mexico. Rare flowers, noble trees, and birds of great beauty adorned it. The southern sun shone its warmest and brightest there. Exquisite hotels lined its shore, and people from every country thronged them. The music begins with a wild rush of sound, in which one hears the great breakers, as they fiercely lash the shore, and the wild sobbing and sighing. There is a lull in the storm and we catch the sound of a waltz of ravishing sweetness. Determined to forget the wild night, and their immediate danger, the guests had planned a ball. The contrast is great. Without, is utter darkness, and the howling of the winds and waves; within, the lights burn brightly, lovely women to whose beauty elegant dress has added a double charm, and chivalrous men were all dancing. To the superficial observer, all is happiness. The smile, however, is forced, the laugh has a hollow ring, the eye is dark with terror; in vain, they try to forget and be merry. A ship is moored. The captain as he hears the music exclaims, "What, dancing? If the wind comes round to the South-east, I fear they will dance to another tune. The wind does turn to the South-east. The hotels and every

vestige of habitation are swept from the island. The wild storm is heard again after the waltz ceases, louder and louder, until, after the island is submerged, the waltz breaks in with the storm motive, making a contrast most wild and effective. Finally, the waltz like the storm dies away.

But do not think these are the only pieces in my portfolio. There are Etudes and studies galore, all regarded with varying degrees of aversion. Kullak, Cramer, Bach, Raff, Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," and if the difficulties of ascending the lofty height of Parnassus are greater in proportion to that of travelling over the "Road"—for I presume as is the case with most mountains, the "Road" only extends to the foot—few of us will possess the energy to attempt the narrow obstructed path beyond.

And, those awful octave studies—the banes of my existence. Why, when one's hands look enormous, they cannot be made to strike octaves is a problem whose solution I am looking for in the efforts of the future. I have tried in vain to find it here.

And, I must not forget my "Organ Studies." The Seminary organ dates back no later than the early sixties, and every key is out of tune, still, five of us practice an hour on it to the mental anguish of ourselves, and every one else in the building. The poor old blower! He certainly has my deepest sympathy. To listen to one's self an hour is annihilating, and how he stands it for five is a wonder. He either possesses no nerves, or they are of iron. How I have longed to be tall, when I have encountered the pedal exercises. I spend the most of my time pulling myself up from beneath the organ, where I slide in my efforts to reach them. I finally succeed in learning to suspend myself in mid-air, as it were, and play the manuals and the pedals at the same time.

Fairies have been favorite subjects with composers, and Mendelssohn was particularly fond of them. His overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is indelibly impressed upon my mind. We played it as a double quartette. Unless you have played one, you know nothing of its horrors. Not only

must you play in exact time with the second piano, but you also must strike every note with the girl playing your same part. No easy matter. And if the audience considered for a moment the labor expended in getting up one of those quartettes, I really do not think they would chat so audibly, and say so unkind things about the "unmusical classic." The donkey brays representing Bottom were in my part, and unlike most donkeys, I did not bray sufficiently loud. The dances of the fairies in the overture are beautiful, so light and graceful. You can almost see their tiny forms, flitting airily about among the flowers.

Saint-Säens "Danse Macabre" has, as is the case with the compositions of many French writers and composers, a most gruesome theme. The clock strikes twelve. Then is the sound of the rattling of bones, as the ghosts gather from their abodes to join in the dance. The old King of Death begins to tune his fiddle. It needs it badly, for it has been in a damp grave since that Hallow E'en. He never succeeds in getting it in perfect tune, but the ghosts have a wild, merry dance notwithstanding. At last the faintest tinge of light is seen, a cock in a neighboring barnyard crows a note of warning, and the ghosts madly scamper back to their graves. There is a creaking sound as the lids are again closed upon the coffins.

Schumann represents the various scenes at a masquerade ball in his "Papillous." In the first number it is the brilliant and dazzling effect made upon one in entering a ball room, in which a vast assembly is dressed in gorgeous and fantastic masquerade. How bewildering is the effort to guess the masker. The next is jovial and light, representing the antics of the jester. Then follows the promenade of the maskers. Then comes a tender, low melody representing the dialogue of two lovers. Cupid, though blind, has divined the persons beneath the mask. They have slipped away from the glitter and glare of the lights, and whisper their tender words. A waltz is the next number, of such sweetness that the effort to join in would prove futile. The ball breaks up during the dancing of the "Grandfather's Minuet." The sun streams in through the

open window. How pale it makes the brilliant lights of the night appear! Flowers strew the floor. The masks have long since been dropped. Women, beautiful as dreams, in the sickening light of day, look haggard and worn by the night's mad frolic. The clock strikes six. The dancers, weary, wend their way homeward. The music is now of sombre character. Perhaps they pass a cathedral, in which matins are being sung. It is thus that the churches and the world ever meet. The one, in the wild intoxication of pleasure; the other, in the fervent zeal of worship.

EUGENIA BUMGARDNER,
Staunton, Va.

TRADITIONS OF THE M. B. S.

Many interesting stories of bye-gone Seminary days pass from lip to lip; some are founded on facts, while there are others whose origin no one knows.

The chapel, many years ago, was a Presbyterian church, and, perhaps on this account, it is said to be haunted. On the 25th of June, 1871, the last sermon was preached in it. The girls who room on Chapel Hall often hear strange noises overhead; the favorite amusement of the ghosts is to knock down one of the piano legs; every one is sure that this is what causes the peculiar noise so often heard, but no one knows which leg it is, for none are ever missing at chapel time in the morning. To hear the girls talk, you would think the chapel a veritable Kirk Alloway. The tower above it, too, is invested with strange creatures who make the steps creak and groan at night.

Many stories are told of the Seminary in war times. Once when the Yankees were ravaging Staunton, there was so little certainty about being able to keep what provisions they had here, that barrels of flour were covered with chintz and put in the girls' rooms that the soldiers might think they were dressers. Once when something especially scarce and precious (coffee, perhaps) was to be preserved, the thinnest, palest girl in

school was put to bed and the coffee, or whatever it was, was hidden under the mattress. The rights of this poor invalid were respected during the search, and she was not disturbed.

Soon after the war, a party of girls went with Miss Baldwin to Washington. They went to the White House to one of Grant's receptions, while there; but they were all staunch Rebels, and several of them even went so far as to declare that they would not do Grant the honor of shaking hands with him. So, as the line filed past the President, one dropped her handkerchief, another her gloves, and so on; and thus they kept their word.

The following is connected with "Uncle Chess," an old servant of Miss Baldwin's, who was, for many years, a well-known member of the household. His daughter, who once waited at the infirmary for a short time, said that when her children were little, she used to tell them, as our line passed her gate: "Look, there goes Miss Mary's girls. But the children would run to the fence and, scrambling upon it to get a better view, would say, with great complaisance: "Dere goes grand-pap's girls."

There was a time when the girls did not have to wait meekly until Miss Baldwin saw that they were in desperate need of a holiday. They sometimes formed in line and marched to the office to ask that a holiday might be given them. Usually, two quiet, studious girls were put at the head of the line as "orators," and the request was generally granted. Upon one occasion, however, two girls who were anything but studious were put at the head; indeed, everyone knew that their object in life was to have a good time. Miss Baldwin asked them why they wanted a holiday; they answered, quite seriously and in languid tones, no doubt, that they were so tired they could not go another day. This statement was too much to be endured; the holiday was refused, and the girls thus learned, by sad experience, that their representatives must be hard students, if holidays were to be granted.

They say that the much dreaded session which is held in the library on Saturday morning is called "office" because it

used to be held in the office, but now, alas, the average number of culprits has so increased that the office is not large enough. We must, indeed, have degenerated since the good old days

There was a good-natured French teacher here, once upon a time, who was very polite, as the French always are; he could not bear to refuse any request that the young ladies made. Once, just after a certain class had assembled, one of the girls told Monsieur Hasleff that it was her birthday and that she thought it would be so kind if he would excuse her from reciting, only this once. He excused her quite willingly, little dreaming what troubles were to follow; for after this, the birthdays came thick and fast; indeed, the girls in that French class grew old at a rate which was truly surprising.

We think the girls of the Seminary enjoy considerable popularity now; but they were just as popular some twenty years ago; for my dentist at home, who is forty, perhaps, says that when he was a V. M. I. boy, he used to drive the thirty-six miles between Staunton and Lexington any Sunday to see the Baldwin girls go to church! His girl was from Texas; he showed me her picture, which he had carefully preserved all these years. He said the bare mention of that girl was enough to make his wife jealous, although he had not seen her since she went back to Texas, so long ago.

There are even romances connected with the Seminary, though one would little suspect it. It is said that one of our music professors married his first graduate; she was not, however, a Baldwin girl, for, quite naturally, he did not assume his duties here until his bachelor days were over.

Some years ago, a slender, dark-eyed girl, from one of the Western states, came to live, for a time, among the scenes now so familiar to us; to go through the daily routine which we often find so irksome. Perhaps she had heard other girls talk about boarding school life, and imagined it was very dull and stupid. Upon entering these walls, she may have thought, with a sigh, that she had said good-bye to all the world save girls, girls, girls for nine long months. She was shown to her

room in the upper Brick House, and there resigned herself, as we all must, to this cruel fate. She soon found, however, that the place possessed one redeeming feature by no means common to boarding schools. At Hilltop there lived a boy, who managed to enliven things considerably, although he was only one among so many girls; it is needless to say that he was quite a popular member of the Seminary household. He had, also, a very special friend, who often visited him; this friend became well acquainted with many of the girls and found his visits delightful. Yes, they had always proved delightful; yet during this particular session, it gradually became evident that some magnetism was ever drawing him towards the Seminary. Indeed, his thoughts were always there; and why? Had his chum suddenly become dearer to him? No; not this; but at last he had found the girl among the many without whom life would be a burden. This was the dark-eyed girl whom he first saw, perhaps, at the window in Brick House, looking down upon him in innocent surprise at seeing a boy so coolly wending his way towards Hilltop. When he first heard her sing, he thought her voice the sweetest in all the world, and he never changed his opinion. She was here two years and graduated in vocal music. During this time, he passed through all the harrowing hopes and fears of an ardent lover, but ere she returned to her Western home, he had reason to believe that he might some day bring her back to old Virginia. And not long ago, his hopes were realized, and he brought her back to live near the scene of their earliest affection—that is, near our dear old school.

EVELYN DAVIS,

Rockbridge Baths, Va.

MY FAVORITE AUTHORS.

The first author I ever really loved was Louisa May Alcott. The delight with which I read her books for the first time I shall never forget. The evening I got "Little Women," I remember perfectly. It was late in the fall and about twi-

light. That evening I slowly read—for reading then was no easy task for me—the first two or three chapters; of how the entire family were gathered around the bright wood fire, while “Marmee” was reading a letter from “Father who is in the army,” and Joe was lying on the rug by the fire, listening. I thought the book was just too grand. It took me more than two weeks to finish it, but when I was reading I seemed to to forget everything else. Even my paper dolls I named after the different characters, “Joe,” and “Teddy” being my favorites; and I would make them act the different parts.

The Alcott fever raged for about two years in which time I read everything written by her that I could get, even down to her short stories. About this time, Papa and every one at home began to tease me about not reading anything but “little girls’ books,” as they called the stories of my love, Miss Alcott. They said I certainly ought to read something more substantial to improve my mind. I could not stand that, so determined to read something by Dickens, even if it would split my head. I was told to read his “Christmas Carol” first. Imagine my surprise and delight, when instead of finding it dull and tedious, as I had expected, I found it perfectly delightful. The cold shivers that ran down poor old Scrooge’s back, at the sight of the ghost of Marley were just too delicious for anything. The time he had with the three Christmas spirits was so interesting that I had to read on till I had finished the story. O how I longed for a chance to tell it to some one on a dark night!

I really thought something must be the matter, for had I not always heard that Dickens was one of the best of English novelists, and how could I enjoy his books if that was true? This encouraged me so that I read all of the Christmas tales, and many of his novels. Though I read these books only for the story, I could not help seeing some of their many beauties, and this was especially true in “David Copperfield.” Poor little Dora I felt so sorry for, though I could not love her as much as I did Agnes. How well I remember my efforts to be like Agnes for some time after I had finished reading the book, and my disappointment because I never could be half as good as she was.

The next author I liked was Charlotte Brontë. I even went so far with her as to read her sisters' books, "Wuthering Heights" by Emily, and "Agnes Grey" by Anne Brontë. The life of Charlotte Brontë by Mrs. Gaskell, is one of the most delightful books I ever read. If you read this after you have read "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" you can see how much influence her home exerted over her books, and can enter into them more fully than you can into the works of other writers, because you feel as if you had been with her as she walked arm in arm with her sisters up and down their little study planning plots of their stories, or as if you had been with her in a ramble over the moors.

John Ruskin is the latest author I like. What a sad, lonely little child he was, living in dark, dreary London! The horror with which he regarded Sunday, and the delight which he felt on Monday morning—it being seven days from Sunday—remind me so much of myself. Though I really think it was the strict training in his childhood that has made him just the great man he is. Ruskin, it seems to me, is particularly helpful to young girls for he gives his good advice not in a pompous way as if to show off his superior knowledge, but as a father would counsel a child. We all want to be of use in the world, but we do not know what to do, so time passes and we find ourselves growing older without making any advance. But Ruskin tells us: "You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve yourself."

When we notice little peculiarities in people that are not altogether in harmony with our way of thinking, are we not apt to judge them? It is on this subject that he says: "Judge nothing; the best you can do, even though you may be a well educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which, so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions."

There is a time in every girl's life when she would like to be lovely, and will grieve because she is not so pretty as some

one else. Here again Ruskin comforts us by saying: "The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet memories."

And so Ruskin is always ready to help us with his advice, and to enter into all our varying moods.

MARGARET LYNN COCHRAN,
Staunton, Va.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

One of Shakespeare's most popular plays, "A Comedy of Errors," was borrowed from the "Menoechmi" of Plautus, and was written at an early period of the author's career. The influence of the classics may be seen in many of his earlier plays. The entire plots of some are taken from the old Roman writers, while others bear only slight resemblances to the works upon which they are supposed to be based. The sole object of this play seems to be the amusement of the hour; it is truly a comedy of errors; errors which arise from circumstances wholly unknown in real life—indeed, beyond the range of possibility. The plot is, in reality, very simple, though well calculated to make one feel, upon first reading, that here is a labyrinth from which there is no escape; each scene seems either to conflict with the last or to have no connection with it whatever; but gradually, all becomes clear, and he finds it thoroughly amusing. This is one of the shorter plays, having only four acts; yet there is a sameness about it which becomes somewhat tiresome before the end is reached. It shows us a very real picture of the social life of the times it represents. The ladies are not secluded within a bower or even confined to the limits of their own home, but are at liberty to go, unattended, even to the business part of the city. The masters often joke with their servants treating them as boon companions; yet they sometimes beat them unmercifully.

The plot consists chiefly of mistakes, surprises, ludicrous situations and their consequences; yet sentiment is not wholly

omitted; at the very beginning, we see an old man, once a happy husband and father, now a lonely wanderer, mourning his long-lost wife and sons. The grief of a young wife at her husband's apparent desertion is also brought vividly before us. We see a lover's ardor in the passionate speech of Antipholus in which he says to Luciana :

“It is thyself, my own self's better part ;
Mine eye's clear light, my dear heart's dearer heart.”

These words, so well fitted to the lips of a youthful lover, may have been first spoken in low, tremulous accents, as the young author strolled, with Anne Hathoway, over the wooded hills around Stratford or upon the green banks of the Avon.

The first scene is a hall in the palace of the Duke of Ephesus. The relations between Ephesus and Syracuse have lately been such that all commercial intercourse between the two cities had been forbidden, and now Aegeon, a Syracusan merchant, is brought before the duke for trial. The duke condemns him to death for violation of the law, but asks why he came there, knowing the decree that any Syracusan found at Ephesus should die. The old man begins his story; the story of a sad and lonely life. He had spent his youth in Syracuse, and had in time become a prosperous merchant. He then married a young woman whose name was Amelia, and whom he loved most tenderly. He often made voyages between Syracuse and Epidamnium, and his wife, who could not be long away from him, once followed him to Epidamnium. There twin sons were born to them; their likeness to each other was remarkable; even mother and father could not tell them apart. In the same inn, on that very day, twin sons were born to a poor woman, who had no means of supporting them. Aegeon bought the boys of her that he might raise them as servants for his own sons. On the return voyage to Syracuse, the ship was wrecked; Aegeon, with one of the sons and one of the slave boys, was separated from his wife, who was caring for the safety of the other two children. He was picked up by a passing ship, and finally reached Syracuse, where he had given himself up to the care of his loving boy and sorrow for those whom he believed to be

either dead or lost to him forever. Seven years before this time, his son, then a lad of eighteen years, had asked leave to seek his brother, and had set out, attended only by the slave who had served him since his childhood. Aegeon has now come hither in search of his son. The duke is deeply touched by his story, but cannot repeal the law, and he is to die this very day.

We next see a young Syracusan, Antipholus by name, who has just landed at Ephesus, and had been warned to say he is of Epidamnium, that he may not be arrested. He has sent his servant, Dromio, to the inn to see about his baggage, while he takes a look about the town. He has not gone far, when his man, (as he supposes,) returns. Antipholus asks where he has placed the hundred marks that he gave him for safe keeping. Dromio answers that he gave him no marks, and begs him to come home to dinner that his wife may not be angry at his delay. Antipholus at first thinks he is jesting, but when he still refuses to give an account of the money, he beats him and sends him away. The poor fellow returns to his mistress, Andriana, and tells her of the treatment he has received, only to be slapped and sent straight back again. He does not return, and Andriana sets out with her sister, Luciana, in search of her husband. Finding our Antipholus, who is still wandering about the city, she reproaches him for his neglect of her, and, despite his protests that he is a stranger at Ephesus, almost forces him to go home to dinner with her, indeed, he is so bewildered that he at length follows her without resistance. So rejoiced is Andriana to have her lord at home once more, that she orders his man, Dromio, to say to any who may call that his master is not at home, and to let no one enter; for she is determined to have him all to herself today. Ere long some one demands entrance; Dromio refuses it, although the stranger asks who dares to keep him out of his own house, and even threatens to break the door down. At length he goes away as suddenly and unaccountably as he came.

Antipholus, alarmed at the strange turn affairs have taken, makes his escape from the tender reproaches of Andriana,

though not until he has greatly shocked her young sister by making love to her, when she begs him to treat his wife more kindly. He prepares to leave Ephesus, for he thinks the place is under some strange spell. He has sent Dromio to find out how soon a ship will leave port and is waiting for his return, when some one hands him a gold chain, saying that he will receive the money for it later; when Antipholus says that he ordered no such chain, he answers only: "You are in a merry mood, sir," and goes away, leaving the poor fellow much puzzled.

We now return to Andriana and her sister. As they sit talking of Antipholus' strange conduct, Dromio enters, breathless, saying that his master has been taken into custody and wants money to pay bail. Andriana gives him the money, bidding him bring his master home at once. She waits long and anxiously, and at length, accompanied by her sister, sets out to find Antipholus. She takes with her Dr. Pinch, a conjuror, for it has been hinted that Antipholus is mad, and the poor wife, remembering the events of the morning, readily believes it. She soon meets her husband, still guarded by an officer. He rails at her, for not sending him the money; and she, considering this an additional proof of his madness, orders Pinch and his attendants to bind him, together with Dromio, who is thought to be mad also. They are bound and carried home, while Andriana settles with the officer for her husband's release, having discovered that he had been arrested on the charge of refusing to pay for a chain which he had bought. He denied that he had received it, though several witnesses had seen it put into his hand.

The ladies have scarcely started for home, when they meet Antipholus and Dromio (escaped, as they suppose,) with drawn swords, which in reality these poor bewildered strangers have taken as a last resort against the witches whom they meet at every turn. The sisters flee for their lives; the madmen are pursued and take refuge in a priory near by. The Abbess refuses to give them up, and Andriana calls upon the duke, who is on his way to the execution of Aegeon, and begs him to

command that her husband be given into her keeping. While she is stating her case, there is a noise of hurrying feet—she looks up and lo, Antipholus! He approaches, with threatening looks, and tells the duke of all the wrongs he has suffered at his wife's hands—how he has just escaped from chains with which she had him bound. She thinks some evil spirit has borne him from the priory unseen. But the duke, less credulous, orders that Antipholus be brought forth. Meanwhile, old Aegeon thinks he recognizes, in the Antipholus whom he sees before him, the son who left him seven years ago; but the young man denies any acquaintance with him.

The Abbess now comes from the priory, bringing with her Antipholus and Dromio. There is wonder, fear,—which is the real man and which is the spirit? Which is the husband of Andriana? As Antipholus comes from the gate, he recognizes his father, and joyfully embraces him. After years of sorrow, the old man sees both his sons once more, and the happy scene is complete when the Abbess claims her true place as the wife and mother of this reunited family, for she is the long-lost Amelia. She had been cruelly separated from her boy, after the wreck, and had found refuge in this priory. The duke granted Aegeon his life, after years of sad separation.

EVELYN DAVIS.

Rockbridge Baths, Va.

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MY FAVORITE HEROINES.

We all know Betsey Trotwood, and who does not love her? Do you remember how she used to drive the donkeys from the green by waving her little apron at them? and how good she was to poor, simple Mr. Dick? Her disappointment was great, when at the birth of Mr. Copperfield's child, it was not a girl, for she had hoped to bless it with her full name, Betsey Trotwood, and when they told her it was "a dear baby boy, named after his father," she threw up her hands in dismay, and quickly putting on her bonnet, and gathering together the many

bundles necessary to a maiden lady's baggage, she left the house in disgust, hoping never to see the unfortunate babe again. However, when he came to her some years later, his little feet bleeding and torn, and asked her for protection, she with a love almost equal to Peggotty's, took him in and reared him as carefully as if he were her own child, making all the sacrifices a mother would for her boy's sake.

I must confess Miss Betsey was what we are apt to term peculiar, but who is not magnanimous enough to pardon her eccentricities, when we think of her lonely life, which was so full of disappointments and bitterness, that there was no room for happiness and peace? In her heart, however, there was always room for the unfortunate, and her home was a refuge to many. When I think how she bore her great trouble in silence, I think she is one of the noblest women of fiction.

Becky Sharp is not an ideal character, yet, I am very much attached to the little green-eyed adventuress, in spite of her bad points, for I do not think she is entirely to blame for her wickedness. Her first years were spent in the slums, and she never knew what it was to be loved and protected. Then consider her life at boarding school ! Even the worthy Misses Pinkerton were very unkind to her, and did all they could to make her feel the difference between her social position, and that of the other girls. Becky was very talented, and if she had been surrounded by good influences, when she was young, she would have made a noble woman. As it was, she saw only the bad side of humanity, and acted accordingly. After once seeing the world as she did, she could see it in no other way, and in her short, exciting life, she saw only enough to convince her that "All is Vanity."

Of all Sir Walter Scott's heroines, I admire Jean most, and without her, "A Heart of Midlothian" would lose half of its beauty. She could not be untruthful, even when one false word would have saved her beautiful sister from the gallows. How brave she was when she left her quiet mountain home, and all she loved, to walk to London and plead for Effie's life before Queen Charlotte ! When at last the pardon was received, she did not think once of her own suffering, and not

one reproach did the pure, noble girl have, for the sister who had so wronged her. Her weakness, sin and repentance made her even dearer to Jean, just as we are dearer to our Father, when, after falling, we go to him in repentance and say, as Effie said, "Oh, save me! Save me!"

MARION COLLINS,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

REMINISCENCES.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,"

so sings Samuel Woodworth, but it seems that my childhood was the exception, which proves the rule. From my earliest days I can remember nothing but the teasing of my brothers and punishments for mischief. Ah! how well I remember, the day I climbed up the cherry-tree in Grandmother's yard with one of her white satin divan pillows under one arm and Mother's latest embroidery patterns under the other. I had just reached the small branch which had looked so inviting, had arranged myself comfortably, and had commenced to work very industriously, when my pillow slipped and I was precipitated suddenly to the hard, cruel earth. When I once more opened my eyes, my mother and grandmother were bending anxious faces over me. When they saw that I was uninjured, Grandmother's anxiety immediately changed to amusement, and Mother's to vexation. When asked what I was doing, I replied with a face all besmeared with tears and cherry juice: "I was learning to embroider."

My next remembrance is one of equal disaster. Mother, Father and I were spending the summer at Cape May. One evening in June I was to attend the Children's Masquerade Ball, and my nurse had just dressed me in a gown which my mother had spared no expense or trouble to procure for me, and had sent me down to the porch to wait until she could join me. There was a fence in the yard which I had always had

an unconquerable yearning to climb. I was no sooner alone near the fence, than I began to gratify my long delayed desire. I began to climb and very soon had the satisfaction of finding myself in an upright position on the fence, and had just finished my extensive survey of the landscape when, alas, my foot slipped and I fell. My nurse coming out about five minutes later found me suspended in mid-air with a spike of the fence run through my skirts. I did not enjoy the fall very much that night.

One afternoon a year or so later, my brother was building a pigeon house on the roof of the stable, and I, being of a very adventurous spirit, thought I would like to join him. After much climbing and walking on narrow ledges, I at last reached my destination. My brother immediately began to lecture me on the impropriety of a girl's climbing fences, and doing things which are set aside for a boy. I, defending the rights of woman very valiantly, took my seat on the ledge, which divides the stable from the carriage house; but, alas, my place of rest, after my exertions was ill chosen, for I had overturned a wasp's nest! My speech was broken into, and I knew no more until the shock of contact with the earth brought me to my senses. Opening one eye slowly, I could not open the other—I found myself lying on my back at the stable door, with my brother gazing at me from the roof. He has never to this day ceased teasing me about "woman's rights," and "the fall of pride."

EFFIE A. LACY,

Richmond, Va.

BIRDS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

It was a bright day in June, and the trees were green, the wild flowers were blooming, and the few birds scattered here and there were chirping as they hopped from tree to tree.

It was especially beautiful on Mt. Ararat, for away up on the top of this mountain, it seemed a paradise of beauty, and below was the fine scenery of the mountains and valleys.

But why was everything so quiet on the neighboring hills, this lovely day in June when all nature was aglow with splendour? Where were the many birds that usually frequented these places? Why, there was to be an election of a king, and the birds had chosen Mt. Ararat as the most appropriate place for the election; this being the first place they had met together, after they had been rescued from the flood.

The hour had arrived. It was very early in the morning, but all birds rise early, this did not seem unusual.

Of course the cock was the first to arrive, for he had been appointed clerk of the election. There was a large old stump in the centre of the place chosen, which was to be the moderator's stand, and the cock was to be near him. The other birds were to take their places on the limbs and branches of the trees.

After the cock, came the bittern and along with him the sparrow and others, until nearly all had arrived. Then came strutting in with his head in the air, the peacock; so proud was he of his fine feathers that he forgot to "black his boots."

When all had assembled, they looked around for the moderator; where could he be? Soon, however, they heard a flapping of wings and the eagle came swooping down into their midst, and took his place on the stump. The cock called the meeting to order with the same notes with which we are so often awakened in the morning. Then the eagle rose and said:

"My fellow fowls of the air, as you know, we are met here this beautiful summer morning to elect our king, and as we have no primary or nomination, each bird must speak for himself, and after all have spoken, we shall vote by ballot. The leaves shall be used as ballots and that hollow tree as the ballot-box. I think the best way will be to listen to you as you sit on the trees, as then all will certainly be heard."

"Brother Dove, we shall now hear from you."

The dove flew quietly down from his perch and took his stand.

Dove: Mr. Moderator, and fellow birds, I feel that I have a right to be king, especially since the election takes place on

this mountain. Was it not a dove that was the first to leave the Ark? And according to the Levitical law, a dove was also used for purification and as a sin offering. And, what is more, our name has been made great forever, in that the Holy Spirit took upon himself the form of a dove when he descended upon Christ at the baptism. Then two doves were sacrificed when Christ as a babe was presented to the Lord in the temple. And what is one of the greatest things that I can say in my favor, is that I have been mentioned more frequently in the Scriptures than any other bird.

Cock : Time's up !

Eagle : Time is up, Brother Dove, some one else must be heard.

Mr. Sparrow, your time now.

Raven: Never more !

Eagle : How now, Brother Raven, why are you croaking? Why not Brother Sparrow ?

Raven : Never more, what can a wee sparrow do ?

Sparrow : What can a wee sparrow do ? I can tell you. Although I am very small, I am large enough to be king. It does not require strength and size only to make one a great king. I have the promise of our Father in Heaven to aid me. For he says in Matthew, that not one of us shall fall to the ground without his knowledge. And he also says that not one of us is forgotten before Him. Another thing, we do not live in one part of the country only, but in all parts, and I could have my deputies even in the United States.

Cock : I have always heard too that your deputies, as you call them, are great pests in that country.

All : And I, and I !

Cock : Time's up.

Eagle : Mr. Owl, it is now your time.

Owl : Mr. Speaker, and brethren, I think my name answers for me. Who could be better adapted for a king, than one who keeps awake all night.

Partridge : But who is going to rule while you nap in the day time ? To my mind it would be better for the king to

sleep while his subjects are asleep, and be awake while they are awake !

Owl : But I am easily awakened, even in the day, and with my screech I can frighten the wild beasts that might harm some of my bird subjects.

Swallow : Excuse me, Mr. Moderator, but can an unclean bird be king ?

Eagle : Why no, I should think our king should be pure, as well as powerful.

Swallow : Well, Brother owl is unclean.

Eagle : Brother Swallow is right, Mr. Owl, you need say no more.

Pigeon : Then the ospray, ossifrage and ostrich cannot be made king.

Eagle : That is so, Brother Cock, please scratch their names from the list.

Mr. Heron, please take the stand.

Ostrich : Well, he is unclean too.

Eagle : Well, Mr. Heron, you need say no more. Hoopoe come forth.

All : Unclean, Unclean !

Eagle : Then, Brother Peacock.

Peacock : Need I speak for myself when you see my beauty ? I think that the king of so many fowls should be praised for his beauty as well as for his greatness. I was brought from Ceylon on the ships of Tarshish by Solomon, the wisest man and king that ever lived. My wings are called "goodly" by God himself. Do not all agree with me, that I should be king ?

Bittern and Commorant : Too proud, too proud ! We do not want so proud a king.

All : Yes, too proud !

Eagle : Brother Quail, what have you to say for yourself ?

Quail : My home is not confined to this part of the country only. I go from Europe, to Asia and to Africa and sometimes stay in Palestine during the winter. This shows that I am strong enough to be a good king. There are great num-

bers of us, and of course I can manage my own relations. I am good for peace, for during the time the Children of Israel were in the wilderness, we were sent by God to feed them. Then too, I am good in war, for we were also sent to the Israelites in wrath.

Cock : Time's up !

Eagle : Mr. Pelican, your time now.

Crane : But he is unclean.

Eagle : Then, Brother Crane, speak for yourself.

Crane : Why should I not be king of the birds? I think that a king should be strong and powerful. I am both, because with my height, my strength, my long legs and neck, and powerful wings I could easily manage my subjects. I live in all parts of the country, even in the United States, and I am not considered a pest there, either. But my home is generally in Palestine.

Raven : Never more !

Cock : Do let that croaking Raven speak, so that he may stop his "never more."

Eagle. Well, Brother Raven, you may speak now, and "*never more.*"

Raven : Why should I be king? Look at my beautiful feathers. Then I have the assurance of God's watchfulness, for He has promised to feed the raven. Then, the Poets think me worth praising in their verses, and one has even named a poem for me.

Cuckoo : And so did the poets write of me. The great Lake poet, Wordsworth, entitled one to his poems "The Cuckoo."

Eagle : Yes, little Cuckoo, but you are too small and insignificant to be king. We shall now hear Mr. Stork.

Stork : I am a bird of good luck, and am loved by all people. Some even allow us to build our nests upon their houses. We are noted for our affection towards our families and are emblems of filial piety and conjugal faithfulness. Then, too, I am extolled in the Scriptures for the heights to which I can soar.

Cock : 'Time's up.

Eagle : Mr Vulture will now speak, after which time, Brother Dove, I request you to act as clerk in Brother Cock's place, so that he can speak for himself.

Unclean, did some one say ? Well, Mr. Cock, take your place. You have been very faithful in performing your duty, and I thank you in the name of the assembly.

Cock : Thank you very much, Mr. Moderator and fellow birds. I think that since I have been here, my voice has given proof of one of my powers. For what was this powerful voice given me, if not to arouse my neighbors, especially should I need assistance. Then Christ chose me to warn Peter when he stood outside and denied his Lord and Master. As all know, I am the most watchful of birds, and I, as well as others of my fellows, have beautiful feathers.

Dove : 'Time's up !

Eagle : Brother Cock, your argument is very good, but I feel that I must now say something in my behalf. Now my fellows, when I have done, each one of you, will please write the name of the bird, which you think best suited to rule over us, on a leaf and drop it into the hollow tree. Mr. Cock and Mr. Quail will please count the ballots after they are cast. Of course no one will vote for himself.

Ospray : But why are you going to speak ? I thought you said no bird considered unclean should be king.

Eagle : Yes, I am among the unclean birds, yet should that be considered, when one thinks of my power ? If strength is to be considered, then I should be king ; if swiftness, then I, for I am extolled in the Scriptures many times for my swiftness.

Then I have so keen a sight and I soar so high in the air that I could overlook my whole kingdom at one time. I renew my youth as none of you do, so that I should never become too old or feeble to rule. I am mentioned nineteen times in the Bible, and nearly every time I am spoken of on account of my strength and power.

I may dwell in all parts of the earth and have always been considered a royal bird.

Do you think that my ceremonial uncleanness should be once thought of, with all this? And then look at the many armies I have led to victory for Rome and France. Do I not stand as an emblem of the union and power of the United States?

Cock : Time's up!

Eagle : We shall now proceed to vote.

The ballots were cast and counted, not without a little excitement, on the part of some of the birds.

At last the long looked for moment came and the cock cried out in his clear voice.

"Our moderator has been unanimously elected."

All : Long live Eagle our king!

The election that had been talked of so long had come and was now over. They had chosen their king and crowned him.

The eagle was congratulated by all upon his success, and then all flew away to their several homes, to tell their wives and their young of their choice.

They left their ballots, and the insects that saw them afterward wondered what could have happened to the leaves.

EVA BAKER McCUE,

Staunton, Va.

MENDELSSOHN.

En 1809, l'Allemagne donna au monde un petit garçon, Félix Mendelssohn. On ne songea point que cet enfant fut destiné à devenir un des plus grands musiciens du monde. De naissance juive, entouré de richesse, rien ne manquait pour rendre sa vie heureuse. On lui fit profiter de toutes les occasions pour son avancement. Son caractère sensible et pur, et sa vie de politesse et de culture, était toujours en rapport. Entouré de la société des personnes des mêmes goûts et des mêmes sensibilités une telle enfance ne manquerait pas d'engendrer un amour et une appréciation de son art, et d'exciter les sentiments qu'il ne montrait au monde que dans la musique, où l'on voit toujours son âme. On dit que sa mu-

sique est tant soit peu superficielle, à cause de son élégance et de sa perfection, de sorte que tout le monde n'a pas bien apprécié son génie. Le prélude au "Songe d'une Nuit d'Été" fut son premier effort de contribuer quelque chose à la musique du monde, et personne n'a su le surpasser dans la beauté et dans l'originalité de cette ravissante composition. Pourtant, ce n'était que le commencement ; sa réputation gagnée, Mendelssohn donna au monde ses *Capriccios*, ses *Fantasies*, et ses charmantes "Chansons sans Mots," et malgré tout ce qu'on peut dire de l'imperfection de ses compositions, c'est rarement qu'on lit un bon programme de musique, sans voir le nom de Mendelssohn. On ne peut démentir le fait qu'il était l'une des influences les plus forcibles en formant les pensées et les tendances musicales de ce siècle. Pour la beauté, la forme, l'élégance et la délicatesse il l'a emporté sur tous ses concurrents. Les Oratorios de Mendelssohn contiennent des passages les plus élevés et les plus nobles. C'est à une autre génération à décider leurs titres à l'immortalité.

MIRIAM REYNOLDS,
Rome, Georgia.

LES FABLES DE LAFONTAINE.

Les Fables de LaFontaine, le plus célèbre des fabulistes français, sont très brèves, mais elles sont pleines de signification. L'auteur donne des leçons pratiques quand les animaux parlent les uns aux autres. Ils ont tous, les mœurs des hommes ; les uns sont bons et gentils ; les autres, rusés et adroits. Chacun à les traits caractéristiques, et ils sont des vrais originaux. LaFontaine évidemment s'appliquait à l'histoire naturelle ; il connaissait tous les animaux et il les aimait. Le bon Saint François prêchait aux animaux ; il appelait les oiseaux "ses petites sœurs" et pensait qu'elles avaient des âmes. LaFontaine ne pensait pas comme Saint François, mais il sentaient que les créatures muettes avaient de l'intelligence et méritaient notre sympathie.

L'homme, dans l'état primitif, aime toutes les créatures ; les sauvages gâtent les animaux domestiques ; ils sont leurs camarades. Les petits enfants, aussi, aiment les bêtes. Les âmes des poètes sont souvent pures et simples comme celles des enfants ; ainsi ils aiment toute la nature. LaFontaine a toujours pitié des pauvres bêtes ; il compâte la cigale quand elle a froid et faim. Il sent que nous sommes " leurs pauvres compagnons nés de la terre," comme dit notre poète Burns à la petite souris.

Il y a beaucoup de fables des animaux en toutes les langues ; mais elles sont généralement écrites en prose, et l'objet des auteurs est de donner des leçons morales ; comme par exemple Aesop. LaFontaine, au contraire, écrit les histoires de ses amis muets en poésie la plus belle. Elles sont très populaires. Les jeunes, les vieux, les enfants—tout le monde aime LaFontaine

EVELYN DAVIS,
Rockbridge Baths, Va.

JEANNE d'ARC.

C'est à Douvrémy que l'on voit assise à la porte d'une chaumière une jeune fille à l'ouvrage, écoutant au tintement des sonnettes de l'église dans le lointain. Qui ne peut pas reconnaître cette scène familière ? N'est-ce pas Jeanne d'Arc, cette fille héroïque qui fut appelée pour sauver sa patrie ? Et encore une scène pareille, par une après-midi d'été, quand tout est tranquille, et les oiseaux ramassent les miettes de pain bis, à ses pieds, une lumière brille tout à coup au milieu des arbres et elle entend une voix mystérieuse et inconnue. Bientôt le rayonnement change en forme d'homme portant des ailes et une couronne sur la tête. Il raconte à la fille tremblante l'histoire de sa patrie souffrante et remplit son cœur de pitié et de remords. Il lui dit—"Jeanne, va délivrer le roi de France et lui rendre son royaume." Elle avait treize ans quand ses apparitions commencèrent mais elle avait dix sept ans quand elle partit pour accomplir sa mission. C'était un

long et violent effort et enfin elle ne pouvait pas garder le silence plus longtemps. Les songes de son père, les remontrances de sa mère et la confusion du village auraient du fait des jours ennuyeux pour Jeanne. Elle fait son voyage au roi avec ces mots de contentement sur les lèvres—" Dieu éclaircit le chemin pour moi ; je suis née pour cela." Après beaucoup de difficultés elle gagne la cour et entre dans la chambre brillante, éblouie de splendeur telle qu'elle n'avait jamais vue. Elle lui dit qu'il est le vrai héritier de France et qu'elle a été envoyée pour le conduire à Reims pour être sacré. Tout ce qu'elle dit semble à Charles d'être un message de Dieu en réponse à sa prière. Tout le monde sait l'histoire du siège d'Orléans, le couronnement du roi, la capture et le procès de Jeanne, et maintenant regardons le dernier et le plus terrible événement dans la vie de cette jeune fille. Jeanne d'Arc, vêtue de son long vêtement de pénitence, portant une croix rude et montant sur un bûcher élevé ! Enfin les flammes commencent à se lever et elle est laissée toute seule. Telle fut la mort de Jeanne d'Arc, avec " Jésus, Jésus " sur les lèvres jusqu'à la fumée fit taire à jamais la belle voix de " la Fille de France ! ! "

MATTIE WHITE,

Marion, Virginia.

MOLIERE ET LAFONTAINE.

Molière et LaFontaine sont deux noms les plus grands et les plus populaires de l'histoire française. Tous les deux demeuraient et écrivaient au règne de Louis XIV, et les circonstances de leurs vies ne sont pas très différentes.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, dit Molière, naquit à Paris le 14 janvier, 1622. Il était fils d'un tapissier, valet de chambre du roi. Son père lui fit donner une instruction très solide, au collège de Clermont, à Paris.

LaFontaine, au contraire, reçut une éducation assez médiocre, mais après quelque temps, il commença ses études d'une manière déconseillée. Il fut né au château Thierry, et son père exerçait les fonctions de maître des eaux et des forêts.

LaFontaine et Molière, tous les deux, aimaient voyager, et celui-ci restait dans la province, menant une vie nomade, mais enfin, Paris était la destination de l'un et l'autre.

Molière n'était pas heureux dans sa vie casanière, et LaFontaine fut divorcé d'avec sa femme. Mais ils avaient plus de succès dans le monde littéraire.

Les deux écrivains expriment différemment nos caprices et nos faiblesses, cependant l'un et l'autre possédaient au plus haut degré du génie de l'observation. LaFontaine nous montre nos défauts et nous aide à les surmonter, dirigés par nos consciences, tandis que Molière veut que nous nous moquions de nos voisins, que nous voyions leur défauts et que nous soyons toujours aveugles à nos propres défauts. On admire la naïveté, la finesse, la grâce, la délicatesse et la variété dans les fables et l'énergie et la fermeté des comédies. L'un a rendu les grands traits avec une sagacité remarquable et l'autre les a exprimés avec une force et une vigueur rare. Molière pense à la société et en parle. LaFontaine décrit les vices et celui-ci avait une faculté de narration facile que Molière ne possédait pas et son langage est souple et piquant, cependant la justesse de l'esprit, la félicité d'expression et l'observation exacte de la vie humaine de Molière valent les bons traits de LaFontaine.

A l'éloge du poète comique on peut dire qu'il s'est efforcé de reformer les mœurs et d'enseigner que la scène n'est pas simplement pour l'amusement. LaFontaine fut élu membre de l'Académie Française, mais son caractère insouciant et sa négligence en matière d'affaires l'avaient mis dans une position embarrassée.

Pendant sa vie, Molière ne vit personne qui pouvait même prétendre d'être son rival et la protection de Louis XIV qui lui faisait une pension, ainsi que les succès lucratifs de ses pièces de théâtre, lui donnèrent un crédit et une aisance dont il usa généreusement pour encourager les jeunes auteurs.

LaFontaine et Molière étaient de très bons amis mais le roi favorisa Molière. Les fables ont immortalisé le nom de LaFontaine et peu de livres ont tenu une plus durable ou une plus solide réputation.

DI VERNON McFADDIN,
Beaumont, Texas.

JOURNAL OF A WASHINGTONIAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1898.

My friend Saunders came from Cincinnati this morning, was glad to see him, took him straight to the club, and have shown him around today. A crowd of girls came on the same train with Saunders. I was at the station, and saw them getting off the train, and such a flurry as they were in! The number of telescopes and handboxes they had was astonishing.

One little light-haired girl stared around her and said to a friend: "O Celeste, is this really Washington? Isn't it grand? I'm just tickled to pieces." And the girl whom I took for Celeste, answered in a stage whisper: "Hush up, Flora Pickett; you act as if you had never been five miles from home before. People will think we have come from the swamps."

One girl whom they called Lillian Carr was in a terrible state of excitement for fear her telescope had been lost, but it was finally produced to her great joy. Another young lady who was called Lucille, was in great fear lest she should fall in stepping off the cars, so she handed her pocketbook to one, thrust her handbag on another, gave both of her hands to one of the gentlemen, and finally after a great deal of screaming allowed him to help her down.

That was the last we saw of the young ladies until dinner this evening. I did not know they were staying at the Metropolitan, and was therefore much surprised when they walked into the dining room. They all stood behind their chairs until told to be seated; then they put their hands under the tablecloth for something. That was a queer proceeding, and I have not yet been able to study out the meaning. After this, they all earnestly studied the bill of fare, and one girl, who was called Beulah, asked for sirloin oysters and raw steak, and the one next to her—Florence—wanted Saratoga eggs "if you please." I heard one girl say: "Now, Celeste, you must

pour the water." The answer came : "No, I wont, Kate Womack, I pour the water all the time at school."

April 7, 1898.

I have met these same young ladies several times to-day. This morning, I was in the office when one of them came down and said to the clerk : "Is there any mail for me?" He answered : "Who are you?" "Why, I am one of the Mary Baldwin Seminary girls. I am *Miss May Lilly Reynolds*." After a while the whole party came down to the parlor preparatory to going out. One young lady, who was called Hattie, on observing a fire-escape outside of the window, exclaimed : "Oh, I had rather spend my time running up and down those dear little steps than going around the city."

Saunders and I went to Mount Vernon today, and we ran across the girls again. They seemed to have a good time, but one girl whom they called Adelaide became so tired that she cried all the way back and said that she wished she had never seen that horrid, hateful old place, oh, why wasn't she back in the school? Boo—hoo—oo—oo—oo!!!

April 8, 1898.

This morning at six o'clock we were awakened by a soprano voice, which was ringing through the rooms. We heard the same voice from six until ten. I had the pleasure of seeing the prima donna afterwards. She was called Eva; wonder what her other name is. I happened to go to the Library this morning and there were those girls. Seems as if I meet them wherever I go. I heard the gentleman in charge say to a girl, "Well, Miss Finks, what do you think of the Library?" "Oh, said the young lady, "it's just as cute as it can be. It's a love of a library." Then clasping her hands, and gazing rapturously around : "Oh Mr. King, isn't it a perfect dream?"

This evening we saw the girls walking down Pennsylvania Avenue. One young lady had her arm around her companion. The friend turned and said : "Dear me, Freddie, do remember that we are not on the terrace." What she meant, I have no idea. Girls and women are the queerest creatures.

The girls went home to-night and now Saunders and I can finish our sight-seeing without always meeting them. I am glad to say the least.

A. MERRILL PROCTER,

Lebanon, Ohio.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

After nearly half a century of earnest and successful work, Miss Mary Julia Baldwin died on July 1, 1897. She had been Principal of the Seminary for thirty-four years, although for the last few years of her life she had been unable to take a very active part in the management of the school on account of failing health. She was graduated at Augusta Seminary in Staunton, Virginia, and afterwards availed herself of the advantages afforded by the best schools of Philadelphia, thus eminently fitting and equipping herself for her great life work. She early exhibited a fondness for teaching and training youthful minds. She conducted very successfully a day school, more for the opportunity it gave her of indulging in her favorite employment than for any pecuniary advantage it could yield. Her fine intellectual attainments, kind sympathetic nature and pleasant manner of instructing and amusing children, rendered her peculiarly attractive to the young.

Her success and aptitude for work of this kind being known by the trustees of Augusta Seminary, she was, in 1862, elected Principal of the school where she had been educated, and Miss Agnes McClung was elected Associate Principal. Success was anticipated from this association, but the advancement and growth of the enterprise far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, and the hopes of those most interested. The school opened with eighty scholars, thirty of whom were boarders. It suffered some reverses during the war, but owing to the earnest efforts and indefatigable energy of the Principals it steadily increased in numbers and in the confidence of the community. Its continued prosperity is rather wonderful, inas-

much as no agents have been employed save the influence of the pupils and patrons, and their kind words in behalf of their Alma Mater. At the close of the war the boarding department was enlarged and a handsome chapel erected.

In 1880 Miss Agnes McClung, the beloved friend and associate, died. After Miss McClung's death, for seventeen years Miss Baldwin had the entire management of the Seminary, a charge and responsibility so great that few would care to assume it. From the time she first engaged in this work she had but one interest, the prosperity of the institution, and one aim that it should become a boarding school for the higher and liberal education of women. Her ambition was fully gratified, and it was a pleasure for her to look upon her work. Her wonderful success was in a great measure due to this singleness of purpose and her rare executive ability. The increasing popularity of the school compelled her to erect, from time to time, other buildings thoroughly equipped with all the appointments of a first-class institution; they now cover a square. In the selection of her faculty she showed much wisdom, employing those only who, by their fidelity and efficiency, have made for themselves a reputation. Miss Baldwin's fame as an educator was widely known and attracted patronage not only from the South but also from the North and West. At the present time there are representatives not only from all the Southern states, but also from Maryland, Ohio, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and the District of Columbia.

It is impossible to estimate the powerful influence for good going out from this school year by year. Many lives have been made happier and better by the lessons of purity and love learned here. From among the scholars and teachers many noble women have gone forth to labor in the mission fields of China, Japan and Brazil. Miss Baldwin was liberal in her gifts to all institutions for the spread of the gospel and her interests were deeply enlisted in every benevolent project. Recognizing the great means of usefulness education is in woman, and the wide-spread influence it enables her to wield, she educated many and largely assisted others in procuring those advantages entirely beyond their reach.

It has been well said by one who knew and admired her for years : "It is difficult to analyze the character of one so well rounded. She was modest without timidity, tender without effusion, firm without severity, kind but true; her justice was wise and discriminating and so tempered with mercy as to lose its sting. Her judgment was clear, her convictions strong, her faith firm, her will determined. She never strayed from the paths of duty to walk in the gardens of pleasure, but flowers sprang under her feet and blessings attended her progress. Her great generosity was without ostentation, guided by wisdom and bounded neither by sect nor continent. She was oft-times bold to audacity in the conduct of her school, but the secret spring of her conduct was an unfaltering faith in her heavenly Father and the efficacy of fervent prayers. An atmosphere of purity and holiness seemed to surround her, which repelled the coarser things of the world while it mellowed and hallowed the higher and more refined."

II.

How often when brought under the chastening hand of God and even while still suffering from his loving stroke, a fresh bereavement comes—his rod is again laid upon us and we are ready to cry, "Wherefore, O Lord, dost thou thus afflict us?" Truly was this so when so soon after we had committed to the grave the body of her in whose wisdom and judgment we had so long been accustomed to trust, our teacher and friend, Mr. John Murray, whom we so honored and loved, after a long and wearisome illness, was taken from us. The ways of Providence are indeed dark in mystery—so far above the human ken that we can only bow in submission, acknowledging the infinite wisdom and love of the Power that "doeth all things well." Apparently in health we left him at the close of the session, thinking there were for him many long years of usefulness in the sphere in which he moved among us; and not least, long years of faithfulness in seeking to save the souls who came from year to year under his influence and for whom he pleaded constantly and earnestly at the throne of grace. And his work did not end here; his prayers were followed by

exhortation and entreaty, for he was not willing that any should perish.

He had been teacher of mathematics and the sciences in the Seminary for seventeen years, discharging his duties with a singleness of aim and earnestness of purpose very rarely seen, for all his work was done as "in his great Taskmaster's eye." It was this fact which made him regard his duty as chaplain in the light of a sacred privilege, a God-given opportunity of pointing souls to Him whom he so loyally served. A faithful servant in his Master's vineyard—when the summons came he was as one who watched for his Lord and was ready to enter in and see his face, there to be satisfied in that likeness for which he so often prayed.

"It seemed not as a dream and yet I stood
Beside heaven's gate. Its mighty values were loosed ;
And upward, from earth's tribulation, came,
A soul, whose passport, signed in Calvary's blood,
Prevailed. Around the golden threshold's verge
I saw a dazzling of celestial wings
Thronging to welcome it. The towering form
Of an archangel bore it company
Up to God's throne."



The Annual

... of ...

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

VOL. VIII.

STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1898.

NO. 1.

It is with great pleasure that we look back upon the closing year. It has been acknowledged that the student body has been composed of girls of more than ordinary intelligence and devotion to duty. The work has been hard and the separation from home painful, but we feel that there is compensation for all this in the fact that we do not go back to our friends empty-handed. Not all of us carry home medals or certificates, but in almost every case, we take with us the results of a year's careful training and earnest application. We have learned that conscientious devotion to the duty of the moment, whether it is practising scales or conjugating the Latin verb, not only develops the mind, but makes character; that inaccuracy, carelessness and idleness often lead to worse sins, and that the constant struggle against these tendencies makes us stronger and better fitted to lead useful lives. Above all we have been impressed more than ever with the fact that we have only begun to learn, that the vast fields of knowledge lie open before us still unexplored. But instead of being discouraged by the unattained we have a great desire to go forward and "possess the land."

Since our last Annual, the Seminary has sustained two very heavy losses. The first was the death of Miss Baldwin on the first of July. She had been principal of the Seminary for the last thirty-four years and the story of her early struggles against difficulties and discouragement is well known to all the friends of the school. Taking charge of the school during the war, at a time when all the South was impoverished, she could

have had no conception of her marvelous success. That she was a woman of fine judgment and wonderfully gifted as a principal is the testimony, not only of those who have seen the growth of the school under her management, but also of those who have had the opportunity to observe her methods only for a short time. But it is not as a successful principal that she is chiefly remembered, but as a woman of high Christian character. Her charitable acts are known far and wide, and many of her old pupils and friends give witness to the inspiring influence she exerted upon them in their Christian life.

Our second loss is that of Mr. Murray. It is hard to realize that he is no longer with us, that we will never see him again at chapel exercises in the morning and at night, or that we will no longer meet him in his class-room. We can never forget his kindness of manner, his ready sympathy for all who were in trouble of any kind and his tender appeals to all those who were not living near to God. He was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of all the girls and especially of those who were in his classes. He seemed to carry them in his heart, and many have acknowledged the helpfulness of his "life and conversation."

NEWS FROM OLD GIRLS.

Edna Gilkeson is teaching very successfully at Wytheville, Virginia.

Mary McIlwaine left school at the end of the half session on account of trouble with her eyes.

Daisy Yarbrough comes to see us occasionally during her frequent visits to Staunton.

Florence Cabell visited Bessie Baker last winter.

Sallie Fauntleroy is now teaching at Frederick, Maryland.

Carrie Wilder visited friends in Birmingham, Ala., last winter.

Mamie and Julia Sparkman have been spending the winter in Washington with their father.

The death of Pauline Du Bose Little was a very great shock and sorrow to us all.

Last winter Fannie Colbert *visited* in Staunton, *this* winter she has come to live as Mrs. Will Baker.

Virginia Alby's death was very sudden, and her bright face will be sadly missed among her many friends.

Annie Andersen is no longer known to the Baldwin girls because she is now Mrs. Coulter.

Bea Gerstle and Alice Stafford are having a lovely time in Chattanooga.

Minerva Sheldon is just returned from a visit to Jessie Smith

Jean Fuqua expects to visit Nettie Pratt at Lexington, Va., during the Finals.

Lucy Sheffield has lately married Berta Crisp's brother, and is now Mrs. Charles Crisp.

Embrea Morton visited Olive Nuckolls last year.

Nannie McFarland has been a sedate schoolmarm through the past year at Randolph, Va.

Lottie Kable is teaching near Roanoke, Va

Sharp Williams' mother visited the Seminary a few weeks ago. She was a graduate here about twenty years ago.

Now and then Josephine Stevenson lets us see the light of her countenance.

Sallie Henderson expects to come to Commencement.

Angeline Mish has visited the Seminary once or twice this year.

Margaret Dills has been studying elocution in New York and expects to travel with a concert company next summer.

Frieda Havercamp and Ethel Beamon hope to return to school next session after the absence of a year. Lillian Scales visited Frieda the past winter.

Carrie Crawford was married last October to Mr. Calkings.

Amanda Frierson is now living in Lexington, Va.

Sallie Lane is quite a belle among the theologues down at Hampden Sidney.

Nettie Du Bose sailed for China last summer with her mother and little Pierre.

Ella Clingan is studying at the University of Mississippi.
Anne Riddle has been teaching music in Kentucky.

Mary White is teaching in Mrs. Winston's school, Waynesboro, Va.

Ethel Holmes nursed three cases of yellow fever in her family last winter at her home in New Orleans.

Allie Moore visited the Sparkman girls in Washington a few months ago.

Belle Marks had to leave school on account of ill-health; we miss her very much.

Lucy Duncan paid a visit to friends in New Orleans during Mardi Gras.

Sara Ruckman is visiting her sister in Mexico, Missouri.

Ethel Stone did not return to school after Christmas. Wonder why?

Mary Hack is visiting Irene Stevens at Los Angeles, California

Harriet Babcock spent part of the winter in New York.

Lillye Belle Fox has been having a delightful visit in San Antonio.

Daisy Gideon is attending a college of music in Cincinnati.

Annie Willson will spend the summer months in Colorado.

Bessie Summerson is in Boston attending the Conservatory of Music.



MARRIAGES.

Ella Paris—Mrs. Jesse Thomas Heard, Staunton, Va.

Natalie Embra Venable—Mrs. Raleigh Colston Miner, Remington, Va.

Madeline Barth—Mrs. Albert Shultz, Staunton, Va.

Virginia Baker—Mrs. Charles Sites, Washington, D. C.

Frances Thebo Colbert—Mrs. William McCleary Baker, New York City.

Alma Black—Mrs. Joseph Henry Stewart.

Harriet Kendrick—Mrs. Dr. John Ross Beach, Clarksville, Tennessee.

Louise Cole Powers—Mrs. Osborne Ingle Yellott, Towson, Maryland

Mary Edward Herndon—Mrs. Gustavus Alexander Jones, Buena Vista, Va.

Virginia Grey Atkins—Mrs. E. L. Reid, Boydton, Va.

Lucy Sheffield—Mrs. Charles Robert Crisp, Americus, Georgia.

Charlye Louise Wheatley—Mrs. James Reed Curry, Americus, Georgia.

Blanche Espy—Mrs. Daniel A. Chenoweth, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Emily McClintock Prince—Mrs. Joseph McElroy, Jr., New York City.

Margaret Blount Daniel—Mrs. James Nelson Waddell, Charlottesville, Va.

Jessie McNeill,—Mrs. Richard S. Ker, Staunton, Va.

Fontaine Ranson—Mrs. Alfred Jaffe, Staunton, Va.

Laura Thomas—Mrs. Samuel Pearce Browning, Towson-town, Maryland

SOCIETIES.

I.

THE SONS OF REST.

This noble society was recently organized in M. B. S. with three charter members, two of whom are officers of the very highest rank and the other is a novice who is fast ascending the ladder of titles and ere long will add to her name a somewhat longer collection of words than Grand Master of Ceremonies Driscoll, or Past Grand Morpheus Northington.

The intention of this order is to do nothing that would require mental or physical exertion, and the three members carry out to the letter, the purpose for which they are banded together. Indeed some of other fellow students seem to hold this society in high favor, since they comply with the rules,

although they have not been fortunate enough to be initiated into the idle mysteries. Their mottoes: "Much study is weariness to the brain"--and "Never do to-day what you can do to-morrow" are strictly adhered to.

Long life to the order containing the two distinguished officers and the gallant Private Reynolds!

II.

E. F. E.

Rah, rah, rah,

Rah, rah, ree,

We are, we are

The E. F. E.

E. F. E. is our cry.

V-i-c-t-o-r-y.

What cannot be said in favor of this society! The numerous charming girls who compose it, all of whom are members of the four hundred of the M. B. S. The society flower, the modest violet, which is a fitting symbol, the pin of burnt orange and turquoise blue, all of these attest the popularity and growth of one of the most exclusive organizations. Hitherto we have let our other less fortunate sisters remain totally in ignorance of our aims, but now when Commencement approaches, and rumors of feasts and good times are noised abroad, the outsiders attribute all signs of merriment to those mysterious E. F. E's. Of course we have no boys in our society, but after much thought and consideration, Mattie, Bess, Anna, Rufie, Nanna, Rebecca, Di, Lutie and Martha decided to let Joe and Bob become members, provided they were not too boisterous. The charter members are to be congratulated on their good fortune in not being required to be initiated. This process is one of the most humorous and unlike the plans of mice and men it does not "gang aft agley. Even to hint at this proceeding calls forth such misgivings that as yet few have dared to face its horrors. With this merry coterie of young folk is it to be

marvelled at when more than one affirms that a pleasant and profitable year has been spent in M. B. S?

III.

F. F. F.

If the last of these initials was V—why the name would not apply to the club I am describing, unless it was translated "Fast Flying Virginians." This club is composed of five girls, the beauties of the M. B. S. They meet every Saturday night and discuss politics (?) and love. The principal subject of conversation now is of course War. Do they condemn the treachery of the Spaniards, or weep for the sufferings of the Cubans? Do they indignantly resent the insult paid to the United States by the destruction of the Maine? Or do they discuss the calmness with which McKinley has treated the proceedings, the fight in Congress, the courage of Southerners, or the "regency" of Mark Hanna? No, they do not. Then I suppose you will ask why war is such an interesting subject. I will tell you. On one occasion, Miss Riddle read to the News Class that 100,000 volunteers had been called for. The next Saturday after the meeting of the Club faint sobs could be heard on the back gallery. I wonder who it was?

Every Saturday night if you stand and watch the girls coming up from supper you will see "Mignon," a little black-eyed girl come tripping up the steps and in one hand she has a napkin with something in it. She must not want any one to know what it is from the careful way she keeps it concealed. She hums a little song to herself entitled "Somebody Has My Heart," or "Say Yes, Mignon" it is hard to tell which. Skipping along, keeping time with her music, she at length reaches the room on the end of the back gallery and lays her mysterious bundle on the table. Then comes "Blush and Look Sweet" with black hair and eyes also. But she is very quiet and never hums. Daintily and quietly she walks to the same room and lays her strange package on the table. Robin Redbreast with

light hair and blue eyes comes next. Some have called her little (?) and cute. She never hums but likes to convince every one of the truthfulness of Dr. Gibson's statement that "Keynote's lungs are sound." She thinks she has a magnificent voice. Her bundle is deposited and another F. F. F. comes up the steps. She has been described as "not dictatorial, but just has a fondness for chaperoning." She does not take vocal but like "Robin Redbreast," "The Sentimental Infant," thinks she has a marvelous voice. Her bundle is deposited, and up comes "Rose in Bloom" the star of F. F. F's. The girl who practices next to her, can never complain of being annoyed by an "everlasting screech" in the next room. If she sings at Commencement I shall suggest that ear trumpets be furnished to the audience.

But the mysterious bundles—they develop later into sweet rolls, taken from the supper table for the F. F. F. Banquet.

No one has ever had the pleasure and honor of being invited to one of these banquets, but I cannot say truthfully that they have missed much, that is as far as the feast is concerned.

IV.

"THE MYSTIC SIX."

Among the clubs in the Mary Baldwin Seminary, one of the most important is the "Mystic Six." This club is composed of six brilliant girls about—well, perhaps it is best not to mention their ages, but let it be understood, that in age, as in everything else, these girls are all that could be desired. Let me attempt to describe the "Six." The president, "Toots" is a pretty girl and very stylish. She has black curly hair, and is a perfect dancer. The next person in importance is one called the "Kid," a brunette also. A true friend to the last named is a light haired girl, with large, dreamy, sad eyes. But "things are not what they seem" and "Dimple" is far from being sad, indeed, is just the opposite, and as for dreaming,

well she may do it in her sleep. Next is "Toby," a blonde, a rather quiet girl—to outside appearances, she is also a coquette and a "Kodak Fiend." "Yetey" is a gentle maiden, very fond of algebra, likewise the mandolin. She is a member of the "Excelsior Orchestra," which will soon equal in fame Sousa's Band. There is but one member of the "Mystic Six" left, "Shorty" and she is beyond description.

All the "Six" are very studious, a quality, I understand, possessed by few of the F. F. F's. or "Son's of Rest." Unlike most clubs, this one has an object, in fact, I might say, two objects, but as the name indicates, this society is "mysterious," and only one of these objects may be given to the public, namely to have a good time. Every Saturday afternoon much laughter and noise may be heard in a room at "Sky High." This is due to the meeting of the "Mystic Six." The ambitions of this club are very high. One of the members has great talent for elocution, and in the near future, we expect to hear from "Kid" as a famous actress, a second Sarah Bernhardt. Another member has a decided artistic temperament, and spends much of her time in sketching. Her talent extends in many directions, and her sketches are of all things, from a football player, to the interior of the Seminary: two things as far separated, as the North from the South. There is still another genius within the hallowed circle, a musician, who is famed as Paderewski. At all times of the day you may hear pealing forth from her practising room such classic melodies as "There'll be a Hot Time" or "Rastus in Parade." One fair and gentle maid is a hard student of French, and you can always find her French book in her hand, repeating softly to herself, *J'aime, tu aimes, il aime*, laying special emphasis on the last phrase. Of the other two members of the club there is little to be said. One is an artist, and also uses her needle with dexterity. The other has no talent developed as yet, and probably never will have, so has decided to be a missionary to Africa, as she thinks "pickaninnies" are cute. The colors of the "Mystic Six" are maroon and white. Each fair member has made to the others, a solemn promise to write "every single

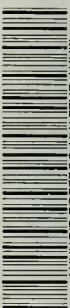
day" this summer, let us hope there will be no broken promises.
A long life and prosperity to the "Mystic Six."

'Holla ! Ballu ! Balle ! Ballix !
Hurrah ! for the club of the "Mystic Six."
We're all right, we're all right !
I tell you what we're all right !
Clickety ! Clackety ! Clickety ! Clix
Hurrah ! for the girls of the "Mystic Six."
Sic ! boom ! bah !
Sic ! boom ! bix !
We're all right !
"The Mystic Six."

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